THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Frank Blair, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 10th day of October, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.
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FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder. 50 acres, known as part of Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—Several good farms not far from Napanee; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with all crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. 875 weekly easy selling FALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

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"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened to you; but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you." I Pet. 12-14.
If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word, And our lives would be all sunshine, In the sweetness of our Lord.
A BIBLE LOVER.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

The first convention of the Women's Institutes of Lennox and Addington, Frontenac and Leeds that have been formed into a new district, will be held in the Eastern Dairy School, Kingston, on November 1st and 2nd. The programmes are printed and a large attendance is looked for. Not only the delegates are invited, but all members of the W. I. and their friends who may be interested, so that it is expected that nearly four hundred women will gather together to plan for the future of the W.I. in the counties represented by them. On Tuesday, November 1st, a buffet luncheon will be served by the Frontenac district assisted by the Frontenac juniors and in the afternoon after the opening session, Col. Commandant C. F. Constantine of the Royal Military College of Canada, has invited the ladies to visit the R.M.C. where he will meet them and show them the college and grounds. The Kingston Historical Society has invited the W.I. in convention to visit their museum in the Murney Redoubt, one of the Martelle Towers from which Kingston is famous.

A banquet will be served in the evening at which good addresses will be given. Mrs. Field Robertson, of Lanark, the Provincial president of the Women's Institutes, Miss Guest and Mrs. Slicter, Toronto, and several other speakers will attend the convention.

Visitors to school fairs and championship school fair tents at the county fairs were struck with the exhibits of small pieces of the branches of the trees that are found in our Ontario fields and woods. The boy or girl who has learned the names of the trees has done something distinctly worth while. In another book we saw the weeds that are destructive. That collection is also worth while, for it is well to know our enemies. But what of all the lovely flowers that bloom and our woods, along our roadsides and border our lakes and rivers. From the first hepaticas that push their frail scented blossoms through the dead leaves to the yellow blossoms of the witch hazel, that come forth in November to tell us that winter has not really come yet, the succession of flowers is unbroken. In September, along the shores of inland lakes, the wonderful blue of the bottle gentian and its lovelier sister, the fringed gentian, gleams among the grasses. Soon the children know it and are they taught only to gather a few blossoms and leave the rest for seed? Just now wild purple asters and the smaller mauve aster, called by many of us Michaelmas daisy, because it blooms in time for the festival of St. Michael and All Angels and Sept. 29th, are making the edges of the woods and the waste places gay. No, the "May flowers," as the children call them, are only the first blossoms after the snow has gone. Perhaps that is the reason we prize them most. But they are followed by a train of flowers that we should know well as the year of the weeds, for surely it is as important to know our friends as to know our enemies.

The women of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia have this year made many hundreds of dollars from their home made rugs and in the habitant homes of Quebec, both rugs and homespuns are woven, for which the tourists from the United States will give a good price. These women have turned a home industry to good account and the question arises, "Why do not the women of Ontario rise to the opportunity offered them by the great influx of tourists and develop a home industry. At the fall fairs some beautiful hooked and braided rugs were seen and we have spoken of the woven rugs for sale on an Ontario market place. The women who live near a highway could offer these rugs for sale in their homes, but the women on secluded farms would have difficulty in displaying their wares. That means that a depot in a village on the highway is needed. What would the Institutes think of this idea?

With the first October meetings of the women's church societies comes the planning for the Christmas sales. The old story that articles are sold at too high a price at these sales is partly responsible for the work of the members of the societies being given for almost nothing, so anxious are some women at work tables to get rid of all their wares. A rule at some sales is to charge twice the value of the material. But that is not always a fair rate, for an article made of expensive mterial may have little work on it and an article made of a cheaper, although not a poor material, may have taken days to make. "I give my work to the church," says a woman who has little else to give. But she doesn't. She gives her work, if the article is sold for little more than the cost of the material, to a stranger, who has got a bargain. Pretty articles, daintily made, such a purchase as you would make for a friend, and not too expensive, sell best at church sales. In towns pretty favors for dinner tables, little prizes for bridge, menu cards painted by a clever artist and any little novelty, the original members of the society can advise, sell rapidly.

A house keeper has given us these peach recipes:

For Peach Marmalade take 12 peaches and chop them finely. Put one orange, skin and pulp, through the mincer, all the same quantity of white sugar. Let stand one hour or until the sugar melts. Boil until thick, stirring constantly. Bottle in sterilized jars.

Pickled Peaches—½ peck of peaches, 2 pounds of brown sugar, 1 pint of vinegar, 1 ounce each of stick cinnamon and cloves. Boil sugar, vinegar and cinnamon together. Dip peaches quickly in hot water and rub off the down. Stick four cloves into each peach, boil the peaches in the syrup until soft. If your syrup is not large do half at a time. Bottle in sterilized jars. If you have not enough syrup you can make a little more, using the same ingredients.

"Let's Go" costumes and scenery are very attractive. They are all furnished by the director, Mr. Bourque.

Mexico City Plan Skyscraper.

Plans for Mexico's first skyscraper have been submitted to and approved by the Ayuntamiento (city council) for approval. Although this city has a population of nearly a million inhabitants, there are no buildings of any great height because of the softness of the ground.

The proposed structure would have 12 storeys and a height of approximately 135 feet. It would be erected by a group of local business men for offices.

Many years ago the site of Mexico City was a group of swamps and lakes, but when they were drained and the city was built the ground was left soft. The majority of the buildings are only three or four storeys in height.

Safety First.

Will Fyfe, the Scottish comedian, doesn't mind telling a story against himself. He was visiting Niagara Falls with an American friend. As they watched the great rush of water, the American said, "There's a story that if you throw a penny into the Falls, it will bring you luck." "Is that so?" said Will. He considered the question for a moment, and then asked: "Like ye a bit of string?"

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A Grand Musical Revue
—by—
Napanee's Best Talent
Under the personal Direction of Desire J. Bourgues
The Greatest Home Talent Entertainment Ever Produced Here
Under auspices of the I. O. D. E.
Armouries, - October 13-14

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
Oct. 3rd, 1927.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening.

In the absence of Mayor Roy Councillor Howitt was elected chairman.

Present—Reeve Boyes and Councillors Simpson, Kimmerly, Jewell.

Minutes of last regular meeting were read and confirmed.

A communication was read from the Secretary-Treasurer of the Eastern Ontario Chamber of Commerce, stating that this organization had decided to hold three meetings a year, instead of the usual annual meeting as heretofore. A meeting would be held in Kingston on October 26th, with morning and afternoon sessions. It was suggested that delegates representing the town be present. Also that the membership fee was $5.00.

On motion the Clerk was instructed to remit the membership fee of $5.00.

Mayor E. J. Roy and Councillors J. Simpson and A. S. Kimmerly were appointed delegates to attend the meeting of the Eastern Ontario Chamber of Commerce to be held in Kingston on Oct. 26th.

A communication was read from A. E. Paul congratulating the council on the appearance of the parks located on the north side of the river, near the C. N. R. bridge. He also made several suggestions as to the further improving of its appearance.

Mr. Paul was present and addressed the council. He suggested that a suitable walk be built through the park, commencing at the highway bridge crossing the river and running westerly to about opposite the Mooney property on Bridge street. This would not only improve the appearance of the park, but would be a great convenience for the residents of Clarksville and that vicinity.

He also made reference to the condition of the riverbed opposite the south end of Springside Tourist Park. "He suggested the removal of some large boulders and other small stones which at present makes it very unsuitable for bathing purposes, not only for the tourists, but for our towns people as well. As the water is very low at this time of the year, the work could easily be done at a very small cost.

On motion the question of putting a suitable walk through the park near the C.N.R. bridge, also the placing of a railing along it, putting on the highway, was referred to the Parks Committee, with power to act.

The proprietors of the Campbell House sought permission to erect an electric sign in front of the hotel.

Provided they comply with the regulations of a town by-law in relation to the erection of electric signs, the permission will be granted.

Coun. Simpson, Chairman of the Finance Committee, presented to the council a statement of the financial condition of the town up to the end of September.

Moved by Coun. Simpson, seconded by Reeve Boyes, that all pay sheets of the Streets Committee be signed by the chairman of the Finance Committee, or the Mayor, and that the Streets Committee be directed to make no further expenditure except for street cleaning, cleaning of catch basins, and salary of street foreman, and that no further work be done by the Streets committee except with the consent of the Council. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Simpson, seconded by Coun. Jewell, that the matter of the purchase of hydrant shut-offs for street flushing be referred to the Fire and Water Committee with power to act. Carried.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:—

W. H. Patterson, for steps in front of town hall	$ 552 00
J. L. Boyes & Son	2 05
J. R. Douglas	90
R. Light	17 87
D. B. Wilson	71 55
D. B. Wilson	2 90
D. B. Wilson	92 35
J. G. Fennell	25 79

Several accounts over the Bell Telephone Co. were referred to the Clerk with power to act.

A large and talented cast is now rehearsing for "Let's Go." Remember the dates, Oct. 13-14.

RADIO NEWS

Football, free from rain and wintry blast, will be furnished the listeners of WGY, this and next Saturday, October 22nd, to November 26, inclusive. In cooperation with the National Broadcasting Company, the Schenectady station will offer the pick of the eastern gridiron engagements and inter-sectional fray, that includes Harvard and the Navy on Saturday, November 12.

Among the major annual clashes to be heard will be the Harvard-Yale, Penn-Cornell and Army-Navy battles. The complete schedule follows:

October 22—Harvard vs. Dartmouth.
October 29—Penn vs. Navy.
November 5—Penn vs. Harvard
November 12—Michigan vs. Navy.
November 19—Harvard vs. Yale
November 24—(Thanksgiving Day)—Penn vs. Cornell.
November 26—Army vs. Navy.

Duck Shooting.
Get your supply of reliable ammunition at
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ODESSA FAIR

Ideal weather greeted the Township of Ernestown Fair at Odessa on Thursday and Friday. The entries were much above the average in number and the quality the best in years in nearly every class.

The horse races and other amusements were interesting and drew the attention of large crowds.

Following are the Horse Races:

FIRST DAY.

2.27 Class.

Miss Penalty, C. Randall			
Napanee	1	1	1
Pauline, B. McKane, Kingston	2	2	2
Macdale, James Fenwick			
Kingston	3	3	3

2.18 Class.

Fred Patch, Fred Brown, Centreville	3	1	2
Director, Jim Murphy, T. K. Nicholson, Kingston	2	2	1
Maud E., A. Llyd, Bath	1	3	2
St -ao-o...	3	3	3

SECOND DAY.

2.25 Class.

Macdale, Jas. Fenwick, Kingstn	1	1	1
Pauline, B. Kane, Kingston	2	2	2
Miss Penalty, C. Randall, Napanee	3	3	3

Free-For-all.

Directum Murphy, T. K. Nicholson, Kingston	3	1	1
Fred Patch, Fred Brown, Centreville	1	2	2
Maud E., B. Loyst, Napanee	2	3	3

CHILDREN'S SPORTS.

The children's sports were carried out under the direction of the teachers and officials and created a great deal of interest among the spectators. The pole vaulting event attracted tremendous enthusiasm and splendid vaulting was done by the participants. The girls entered the various events with great enthusiasm and gave a splendid account of themselves.

The results were as follows:

Boys' Programme.

Pole Vault—Donald McNeely, Roy Powley, Kenneth Powley.

Half mile run—Roy Powley, Gerald Montgomery, Donald McNealy.

100-yard dash—Roy Powley, Gerald Montgomery, Donald McNeely.

Girls' Programme.

Broad jump—Vera Montgomery, Esther McCormick, Reta Hagerman.

Running high jump—Doris McNealy, Vera Montgomery, Esther McCormick.

50-yard dash—Verna Montgomery, Hazel Hamilton, Esther McCormick.

Baseball throw—Verna Montgomery, Emma McCormick, Irene Geiger.

Half-mile run—Dorothy McCormick, Esther McCormick, Verna Montgomery.

Following the events the prizes were presented to the winners by Reeve A. Loyst, the following prizes being distributed:

Boys—Silver Cup—Roy Powley; Second prize, (tie)—Gerald Montgomery and Donald McNeely.

Girls—Silver cup — Gerald Montgomery; second prize—Esther McCormick; third prize—Doris McNealy.

During the afternoon Odessa brass band rendered a programme of lively musicsthat was much appreciated by the crowd. The officials of Odessa Fair are to be congratulated upon the success of the fair this season.

THE BALL GAME

While the race track fans were enjoying their programme at the fair, the baseball enthusiasts saw a closely contested game of baseball between Elginburg and Odessa, which was won by the home team by the score of 5-4.

The officials of the Odessa Fair Association are as follows:

President—W. C. Loyst.
1st Vice-President—D. L. Boyce
2nd Vice President—L. MacLaren.
Directors—A. C. Miller, Frank Smith, A. W. Fraser, G. W. Lucas, T. C. Graham, W. M. Clarke, E. S. Barrett, John Kenny, James McFarlane.

St. Andrew's Re-Opening
Sunday, Oct. 9th
Monday, Oct. 10th
St. Andrew's Church will be opened for public worship on Sunday, Oct. 9th.
The church has been thoroughly and artistically redecorated by Toronto artists.
The minister, who has been travelling and studying European conditions for three months, will preach at both services.
Monday
the managers are preparing
A Chicken Supper
for the public, followed by a programme in the church, with a lecture on Europe by the Pastor.
Admission, for Supper and Programme, 50c.
Supper at 6 p.m.
Programme 8 p.m.

Secretary-Treasurer — A. M. Fraser.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

DRAUGHT HORSES.

Stallion—Jno. Lemmon.

Span Horses—H. G. Denyes, G. W. Lucas, Ray Reid.

3-year-old Gelding or Mare—Erwell Miller, H. G. Denyes, Ray Reid.

2-year-old Colt—E. Smith, R. Asselstine.

1-year-old Colt—W. G. Snider, Cecil Simmons, J. Gollinger.

Foal of 1927—Jas. Dawson, E. Miller, W. H. Turnham.

Brood Mare, foal by her side—Erwell Miller, H. G. Smith, Jas. Dawson.

GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES.

Span Horses—Stanley Wagar, Cecil Simmons, J. Gollinger.

3-year-old Colt—C. Simmons, Ray Reid, A. M. McDonald.

2-year-old Colt—Leo Mooney, Clark Bros.

1-year-old Colt—Clark Bros., A. M. McDonald, Jno. File.

Foal of 1927—Wm. Robertson, H. G. Smith, Geo. Mooney.

Brood Mare and foal by her side—W. Robertson, H. G. Smith, W. C. Loyst.

AGRICULTURAL HORSES.

Span Horses—Fred Clancy, W. Robertson, F. Smith.

3-year-old Colt—F. Smith.

2-year-old Colt—O. Henderson.

1-year-old Colt—Erwell Miller.

Foal of 1927—Fred Lemmon, Jno. Lemmon, Ray Reid.

CARRIAGE HORSES.

Span Carriage Horses, 15½ hands and over—Jno. Gollinger.

Single Carriage Horse, 15½ hands and over—Rutledge Bros., Ed. Thurlow, Robt. Nugent.

Single Carriage Horse, 15½ hands and under—Ois Huffman, Ray Clement, Jno. Kenny.

3-year-old Gelding or Mare—A. Chapman, Ray Reid.

2-year-old Colt—Jno. File.

1-year-old Colt—Jno. File.

Foal of 1927—A. Chapman, W. C. Loyst, Jno. File.

Brood Mare and foal by her side—A. Chapman, Jno. File.

ROADSTER, TROTTING OR PACING.

Roadster Stallion—E. S. Eteen.

Span Roadster Horses—A. B. Hegadorn.

Single Roadster Horse, 15½ hands and under—E. A. Kayler, Calvin Emmons, Fred Clancy.

Single Roadster Horse, 15½ hands and over—Chas. Stokes, H. R. Nugent, Jno. Hagerman.

3-year-old Colt—A. V. Hagerman, A. B. Hegadorn.

2-year-old Colt—Ray Reid, A. V. Hagerman, Walter Hegadorn.

1-year-old Colt—J. Lemmon, W. C. Loyst, A. B. Hegadorn.

Foal of 1927—W. Hegadorn, W. C. Loyst, Ed. Smith.

Brood Mare with foal by side—W. C. Loyst, W. Hegadorn, Jno. File.

CATTLE

Durham.

Bul Calf, under 1 year—R. Reid, Jr.

Yearling bull—D. B. Smith.

Milch cow—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith, H. R. Nugent.

3-year-old heifer—D. B. Smith.

Heifer calf, 1927—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.

Bull calf, 1927—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.

Holstein

Bull, 2 years and over—G. W. Denyes, R. H. Nugent, Robt. Asselstine.

Yearling bull—Ed. Thurlow, Jas. McFarlane.

Cow—Ed. Thurlow, G. W. Denyes, Walter Thurlow.

3-year-old heifer—Geo. Radage.

2-year-old heifer—Ed. Thurlow, Walter Thurlow, G. W. Lucas

Yearling heifer—S. A. Denyes, Harry Lucas, Robt. Asselstine.

Heifer calf, under 1 year—H. R. Nugent—Jas. McFarlane.

Heifer calf, 1927—Ed. Thurlow, John Gollinger.

Jerseys

2-year-old heifer—S. A. Denyes.

Bull calf, 1927—S. A. Denyes.

Grade Cattle for Dairy

Milch cow—Jas. McFarlane, Robt. Asselstine, R. Nugent.

3-year-old heifer—Calvin Emmons, Jas. McFarlane, Robt. Nugent.

Yearling heifer—Calvin Emmons, Robt. Asselstine, Frank Smith.

2-year-old heifer—Jas. McFarlane, H. R. Nugent, Robt. Nugent.

Heifer calf, 1927—C. F. Reid, Geo. Robinson, Ray Reid.

Heifer calf, under 1 year—Wm. Robertson, Ray Reid, Geo. Robertson.

SWINE

Boar, Yorkshire—Clark Bros., Ray Reid.

Brood sow, Yorkshire—R. J. Garbutt, C. F. Reid, Clark Bros.

Boar pig, 1927, Yorkshire, 3 months or over—R. J. Garbutt, Addie Clancy.

Boar, Tamworth—J. J. Garbutt, C. F. Reid, Ray Reid.

Brood sow, Tamworth—Ray Reid, Addie Clancy.

Boar, Berkshire or Hampshire—Addie Clancy.

Brood sow, Berkshire or Hampshire—Addie Clancy.

Boar pig, 1927, Berkshire or Hampshire, 3 months or over—Clarence Martin.

Sow, 1927, Berkshire or Hampshire, 3 months or over—Addie Clancy, Clarence Martin.

Pen of three bacon hogs—C. F. Reid, Ray Reid.

(Continued on page 4.)

COMING :-: EVENTS

LENNOX AND ADDINGTON Teachers Association, Collegiate Institute, Napanee, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13th and 14th.

First Aid Champions of C.P.R. Lines

The Shaughnessy grand challenge cup, emblematic of the First Aid Championship for all lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was carried off recently by the Toronto Freight Offices in competition with the Weston Shops of Winnipeg, holders of the western lines cup. The competition took place at the Place Viger Hotel in Montreal recently between the two teams who were declared winners of eastern and western lines competitions held prior to the final tests. The winning team secured a total of 419 points out of a possible 610, while the Winnipeg team were 16 points behind. The competitions were in accordance with the St. John Ambulance Association requirements.

In addition to the all lines championship, the Toronto Freight Offices team was winner this year of the Wallace-Nesbitt cup won in competition with over 40 teams from all railroad organizations in Canada and the states of Maine and Michigan.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of the Sunday School Times.)

ELIJAH HEARS GOD'S VOICE.

Sunday, Oct. 9.—I. Kings 19.

Golden Text—Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. (Psa. 27 : 14).

The testings of God's people will never come to an end while this life lasts. Especially are we likely to be tested soon after we have met some severe test successfully. Elijah had been confronted by one of the greatest tests in the history of man; and he had met it, by faith in God, in one of the greatest triumphs ever recorded. Without fear or compromise he had faced a powerful and resentful King, hundreds of hostile priests, and an apostate nation; and he had put them all to shame. The priests were slain, the King was humiliated, the nation was at least professedly won over to God. Elijah stood supreme.

Then a woman threatened his life, and in craven and utter discouragement he fled. "The female of the species....."

Jezebel was like woman. She was Queen, and she had a bad record. Ahab's marrying her is recorded as "one of the crowning sins of his notorious life (I. Kings 16: 31). She was a Princess by birth, adaughter of a pagan King. Accustomed to authority, she had her own way and stopped at nothing, having destroyed prophets of the Lord (I. Kings 18 : 4). An infamous murder that she brought to pass comes out in our lesson next week. Her name appears in Revelation (2 : 20), attached to a mysterious and powerful person who is a leader in false religions, and immorality, and a deadly enemy of the church.

It was not without reason, therefore, that Elijah feared what Jezebel might do. Perhaps Jezebel would have slain him had he remained—God might have permitted this, as He has the men tioned of many other true prophets. Again, perhaps God would have protected him supernaturally, enabling him to defy the Queen by a miraculous display of power. We cannot know; but we do know that it was unnecessary and wrong for Elijah's faith to collapse as it did, and for him to talk to God as he did. Discouragement and unbelief are always sin for the child of God, and therefore always unnecessary. Indeed, unbelief is the root of discouragement and anxiety. We cannot trust and be discouraged at the same time. The Golden Text shows this; another text that might have been chosen for this lesson is II. Timothy 2 : 13: "If we are faithful, He abideth faithful; for He cannot deny Himself."

God's faithfulness never failed the doubting and discouraged prophet. Elijah, having fled to the wilderness, flung himself down under a juniper tree; but Jehovah and juniper trees are always together—when a believer is there. As Elijah prayed that God would take away his life (of course, he didn't mean it), God did better than answer his prayer. By an angel He sent him food and water to strengthen the exhausted life. Some one has well said that we are indeed a bundle of contradictions; Elijah was running from Jezebel to save his life, and when he got safely out of her reach he asked God to let him die!

Then the prophet made a forty days' journey unto Horeb, the mount of God," supernaturally sustained during those forty days by the nourishment provided. Horeb was a strange and sacred place, where God had met men more than once. It was there Moses saw the burning bush and God talked with him (Exod. 3). The rock in Horeb which Moses, at God's command, was to smite in order that the people dying of thirst might have water and live, was a type of Christ the Rock, smitten by death, that we might have the water of life. And at Horeb God gave Israel the Ten Commandments.

What was meant by God's question of the prophet, "What dost thou here, Elijah ?" Plainly, that Elijah was out of place, not where God would have him. Elijah's answer is very much on the defense; and when a man has to be on the defensive before God some thing is wrong. Moreover, Elijah praised himself, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts," and it is dangerous to praise ourselves before God. Still further, Elijah was hopelessly pessimistic, declaring that there was no believer in al Israel but himself.

Then God taught Elijah the lesson that he had other ways of manifesting Himself than by great and terrifying demonstrations. There was "a great and strong wind" that rent the mountains and broke the rocks in pieces; but God, although He caused this phenomenon, was not in it Himself. After the wind, an earthquake; and the Lord was not in the earthquake. After the earthquake came a fire, and the Lord was not in the fire. Finally came the actual manifestation of God, "a still small voice." Most of us need to remember, as did Elijah, that God is more likely to be manifested in quietness than in noisiness.

To the Lord's repeated question "What dost thou here ?" the prophet made the same answer as before, so failing to profit by what God makes no comment on the failure—how often does he graciously and mercifully ignore our failures and continue our commission—and appoints three duties for Elijah. He is to anoint a new King over Syria, the enemy of Israel; thus God convinced Elijah, as a commentator has said, that an idolatrous nation will not go unpunished.

But the closing word of the Lord to the prophet in this memorable interview must have been the most surprising one. "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." It was a puncturing of Elijah's pride, showing him that he was by no means alone in his faithfulness to God. We can always find fellow-believers if, in humility and faith, we really look for them.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. 44tf

NORTH FREDERICKSBURGH SCHOOL FAIR

SEPTEMBER 16th, 1927.

Sheaf of O.A.C. No. 144 Oats—Walter Yeomans.

Quart of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Gordon Walsh, Ross Long.

Sheaf of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Gordon Walsh, Ross Long.

Quart of Marquis Wheat—Bryden Long, Gordon Walsh.

Sheaf of Marquis Wheat—Gordon Walsh, Bryden Long, Luva Perry, Clifford Vanalstine.

Corn, Golden Glow — Morris Parks, Wayne Perry, Gerald Kinkley.

Corn, Golden Bantam—Helen Brandon, Ross Long, Joie Keech, Carl Sherman, J. Sproule, Mardge Keech.

Irish Cobbler Potatoes—Ronald Miller, Gordon Walsh, Allen Lowry, Vernon Joyce, Mervin Sherman, Dolly Chapman.

Dooley Potatoes—Alice Parks, Marion Parks, Wayne Perry, Joie Keech, Wilbur Goodman, Gordon Fitchett.

Mangels—Vernon Joyce, Jimmie Lowery.

Turnips—Laura Perry, Wayne Perry, Hazel Sherman, Margaret Goodman.

Beets—Alice Parks, Billy McGee, John Davis, Wayne Perry, Joie Keech, Harold File.

Carrots—Madge Keech, Luva Perry, Willie Sparks, Joie Keech, Margery Kinkley, Jimmie Vankoughnet.

Parsnips—Joie Keech, Ronald Miller, Ward Hodgston, Madge Keech, Walter Yeomans, Annie Fitchett.

Onions—Victor Shetlor, Wayne Perry, Mabel Vankoughnet, Isabel Joyce, Albert Alcombrack, Fred Hart.

Asters — Joie Keech, Madge Keech, Luva Perry, Billy McGee, Vivian Young, Garnet Sparks.

Sweet Peas—Harry Clark, H. Sherman, Dolly Chapman, Vivian Young, Madge Keech.

Zinnia—Madge Keech, Mabel Vankoughnet, Harold File, Nellie Sparks, Alice Parks.

Verbena—Wilma Furrs, Albert Alcombrack.

African Marigold — Morris Parks.

Calendula—Jean File, Madeline Denison, Ronald Miller.

Salpigossis—John Davis.

French Marigld—Rachel Sweet, Billy McGee.

Coreopsis—Madeline Sherman.

Pinks—J. Keech, Helen Brandon.

Snow Apples—John Davis, E. Martin, Harry Clark, Joie Keech, Alice Parks, Morris Parks.

Wealthy Apples—Harry Clark, Hugh Sproule, Olive Pringle, Mabel Vankoughnet, Ronald Miller, Harry Clark.

Spring Colt, heavy— Wilfred Baird.

Calf, beef breed—Ford Long, Brydon Long, Ross Long.

Calf, dairy breed—Wilfred Baird, Morris Parks, Mabel Vankoughnet.

Barred Rock Cockerel—Luva Perry, Arthur Perry, Mabel Vankoughnet, Harold File, aMrgaret Goodman, Gordon Walsh.

Barred Rock Pullet—Margaret Goodman, Luva Perry, Harold File, Mabel Vankoughnet, Gordon Walsh, Olive Pringle.

Pen of Barred Rocks—Harold File, Mabel Vankoughnet, Margaret Goodman, Gordon Walsh, Olive Pringle.

Bird House — Wilma Furrs, Morris Parks, Harold File, Arthus Pearson.

Hammer Handle—Morris Parks Harold File, J. Sproule, Ronald Miller, Brydon Long, Ford Long.

Milk Stool—Philip Coathup, M. Parks, Harold File.

Rope Halter (adjustable)—W. Baird, Walter Yeomans.

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Nellie Sparks, Mabel Vankoughnet, Harold File, Brydon Long.

Wild flowers, pressed—Wilma Furrs.

Collection of cultivated grasses and clovers—Harold File, Mabel Vankoughnet, Brydon Long.

Cuts of Live Stock—Brydon Long, Alice Parks, Ford Long, Marion Parks, Harold File, Mabel Vankoughnet.

Six snapshots, mounted—Mabel Vankoughnet, Madge Keech, Wilma Furrs, Olive Pringle, Wayne Perry, Brydon Long.

Oatmeal Cookies—Pearl Fitchett, Alice Parks.

Layer cake, light—Isabel Joyce, Nellie Sparks, Jean Baird, Nellie Vankoughnet, Hazel Shetlor, Luva Perry.

Apple Pie—Luva Perry, Annie Fitchett, Jean Baird, Wilma Furrs Hazel Sherman, Marion Parks.

Candy, maple cream — Alice Ungar, Edith Nrris, Helen Brandon, Madeline Denison, Madge Keech, Mabel Vankoughnet.

Dish Towel, hand hemmed—J. Baird, Edna Martin, Alice Parks.

Guest Towel, hemstitched, with embroidered initial—Mabel Vankoughnet, Wilma Furrs, Beatrice Fitchett, Annie Fitchett, Marion Parks, Isabel Joyce.

Kitchen Apron— Mabel Vankoughnet, Wilma Furrs, Marion Parks, Nellie Sparks, Helen Brandon.

Darning on Stocking—Wilma Furrs, Harold File.

Writing, "The Dandelion" — Nellie Greene, Ross Long, Doris Chapman.

Writing, "Listen to the Rain"—Veta Young, Marion Fox, Brydon Long, Arthur Perry, Beverly Birrell, Philip Coathup.

Writing, "Bob White"—Wilma Furrs, Vincent Mooney, Luva Perry, Helen Brandon, Guernet Ratz, Mabel Vankoughnet.

Writing "My Native Land"—Madeline Denison, Charles Mooney, Beatrice Fitchett, Dolly Chapman, Nellie Sparks, Harold File.

Drawing, Crayon drawing of Flower—Gordon Walsh, Doris Chapman, Brydon Long.

Drawing, Autumn scene—Ross Long, Philip Coathup.

Poster, advising School Fair —Joseph Baird, Mabel Vankoughnet, Luva Perry, Helen Brandon, Ford Long, Wilma Furrs.

Collection of three art specimens—Josephine Baird, Wilma Furrs, Ronald Miller, John Davis, Mabel Vankoughnet, Pearl Fitchett.

Public Speaking contest—Wilma Furrs, Dolly Chapman, Robert Merriam, Edna Merriam, Joie Keech, Marjory Kinkley.

Solo—Carl Nugent, Mabel Vankoughnet, Gordon Walsh, Edna Madden, Vivian Young.

Boys' Riding—Ralph Denison, Walter Yeomans, Claude Sherman, Harold File.

Stock Judging Contest—Ford Long, Earl Nugent, Jack Sproule, Claude Sherman, Brydon Long.

School Parade—1, S. S. No. 14 ; 2, S. S. No. 20 ; 3, S. S. No. 13 ; 4, S. S. No. 11.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOR.

S. S. No. 10—John Davis.
S. S. No. 11—Joie Keech.
S. S. No. 13—Mabel Vankoughnet.
S. S. No. 14—Harold File.
S. S. No. 15—Walter Yeomans.
S. S. No. 18—Alice Ungar.
S. S. No. 19—Hazel Sherman.
S. S. No. 20—Wilma Furrs

A Fashionable Shopping Centre.

The largest deal yet recorded in city property at Wellington, New Zealand, was completed when a company acquired nearly all the properties in the Customs-house street and Farish street. It is the intention of the company, with the co-operation of the City Council, which will form wide streets and footpaths, to convert the area into a fashionable shopping centre.

SELBY SCHOOL FAIR

September 14th.

Quart of O.A.C. No. 144 Oats—Hubert Thompson Laurence Kimmerly.

Sheaf of O.A.C. No. 144 Oats—Laurence Kimmerly, Hubert Thompson, Ralph Hawley, Harry Barham.

Quart of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Eileen Cook.

Sheaf of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Gerald Hawley, Eileen Cook, Earl Oliver.

Sheaf of Marquis Wheat—Hubert Hume.

Corn, Golden Glow—Harvey Thompson, Doris Kimmerly.

Corn, Golden Bantam—Stuart Uens, Vera McKnight, Gerald Wood, Homer Jackson, Edmund Manion Evelyn Hogeboom.

Iris Cobbler Potatoes—Harold Winter, Lawrence Kimmerly, Homer Jackson, Douglas Hume, Billy Herrington, Dorland Jackson.

Dooley Potatoes—Norman McMillan, Storing, Gwendolyn Kimmett, Arnold Hudson, Helen Post, Hugh Hume.

Mangels—Elsie Henderson, H. Hume, Annie Asselstine, Milo Schamehorn, Hubert Thompson, Blake Denison.

Turnips—Marion Winter, D. Hume, Elsie Henderson, Charlie Martin, Helen Rose, Leone McCutcheon.

Beets—Garnet Dupree, James Dafoe, Harry Barham, Billy Paul, Zellah Grooms, Marie Barringer.

Carrots—Harold Winter, Muriel Grooms, Harold Dupree, Billy Paul, Irene Mowers, Grant Kimmerly.

Parsnips—Marguerite Davis, Kathleen Scott, Garnet Dupree, Bertram Henderson, Annie Asselstine, Ray Lasher.

Onions—Jean Smith, Beatrice Mowers, Helen Poste, Harry Barham, Garnet Dupree, Pauline Clute.

Asters—Harold Barham, Gertrude Kimnear, Irene Mowers, Pearl Manion, Harry Barham, Marguerite Cook.

Sweet Peas—Velda Henderson, Harry Budham.

Zinnia—Elsie Henderson, S. Uens, Marguerite Wood, Harry Barham, Doris Kimmerly, J. Jones.

Verbena—Delma Kimmerly.

African Marigold—Jean Smith, Vivian Amey, Ethel Thompson.

Calendula—Norman McMillan, Geraldine Mowers, Irene Scott.

Salpiglossis—Harold Dupree, Violet Dafoe.

French Marigold — Shirley Pringle, Mary Kinnear, Jimmy Sexsmith, Harry Barham, Iva Cole, Erma Grooms.

Coreopsis — Harold Winter, Mildred McQuaig.

Pinks—Marguerite Wood, Ray Lasher, McGillivray McMath.

Snow Apples—Dorland Jackson Homer Jackson, Geraldine Mowers, Bessie Jayes, Harold Kimmerly, Jean Smith.

Wealthy Apples—Violet Cole, Jean Smith, Beatrice Mowers, McGillivray McMath, Joseph Murphy Blake Denison.

Collection of Apples—Charlie Martin, Gerald Manion, Harold Winter, Homer Jackson, Stuart Uens, Ronald Denison.

Spring Colt, heavy—Kenneth Hayes, Orman Grooms, Garnet Dupree.

Calf, beef breed — Hubert Thompson, Edmund Manion.

Calf, dairy breed — Hubert Thompson, Charlie Martin, Gerald Manion, Kenenth Hayes, Gertrude Bradshaw.

Spring Lamb—Blake Denison, Hubert Thompson, Charlie Martin.

Barred Rock Cockerel—Alma Hogeboom, Beatrice Mowers, Harry Barham, Alma Hogeboom, Blake Denison, Edmund Manion.

Barred Rock Pullet—Beatrice Mowers, Harry Barham, Alma Hogeboom, Stanley Kerr, Max Gaynor, Edmund Manion.

Pen of Barred Rocks—Beatrice Mowers, Harry Barham, Max Gaynor, Blake Denison, Gerald Manion, Edmund Manion.

Bird House—Lawrence Kimmerly.

Hammer Handle—Garnet Dupree, Jimmie Sexsmith. Wilfred Sexsmith.

Milk Stool—Billy Paul, Harvey Thompson, Hubert Thompson.

Rope Halter (adjustable)—H. Winter, Hubert Thompson.

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Velda Henderson, Marion Winter, Marion Cook, Harry Barham, Ray Lasher, Joseph Murphy

Wild Flowers, pressed, mounted and named—Joseph Murphy.

Collection of cultivated grasses and clovers—Ross Lasher, Irene Mowers, Edmund Manion, Marion Winter, Marion Cook.

Cuts of Live Stock—Marion Winter, Hubert Thompson, Audrey Dudgeon, Marion Cook, Irene Mowers, Annie Asselstine.

Six Snapshots, mounted—H. Thompson, Jean Smith, Marion Cook, Gerald Manion, Beatrice Mowers, Gerald Sexsmith.

Oatmeal Cookies—Delma Kimmerly, Doris Aylsworth, Florence Asselstine, Marguerite Cook.

Layer Cake, light—Jean Smith, Marion Cook, Luella Asselstine, Blanche Barham, Velda Henderson, Marion Winter.

Apple Pie—Marion Cook, Marguerite Wood, Vivian Amey, Pauline Clute, Marion Winter, Kathleen Scott.

Candy, maple cream—Mildred McQuaig, Jean Smith, Marion Cook, Eileen Cook, Harry Barham, Delma iKmmerly.

Dish Towel, hand hemmed—Delma Kimmerly, Florence Asselstine.

Guest Towel, hemstitched—Elsie Henderson, Velda Henderson, Doris Kimmerly, Marion Winter, Marguerite Wood, Jean Smith.

Kitchen Apron—Vida Henderson, Marion Winter, Jean Smith, Beatrice Mowers, Myrtle Asselstine, Mary Kinnear.

Darning on Stocking—Velda Henderson, Helen Poste, Jean Smith, Beatrice Mowers, Doris Kimmerly.

Writing "The Dandelion—J. McKnight, J. Sexsmith, Nelson Leaver, Iva Hartin, H. Kimmerly, Zellah Grooms.

Writing, "Listen to the Rain—Maurice Hartin, Delma Kimmerly, Homer Jackson, Gertrude Kinnear, Harold Bradshaw, Wallace McKnight.

Writing "Bob White"—Muriel Bradshaw, Pauline Clute, Alan Benn, Inez McKnight, Florence Asselstine, Annie Asselstine.

Writing, "My Native Land"—Marion Winter, Myrtle Asselstine, Carrie Milling, Luella Asselstine, Bernice Hartin, Marie Barrager.

Crayon Drawin gof Flower—Jean McKnight, Jimmie Sexsmith, Harold Kimmerly, Ralph Melburn.

Drawing, Autumn Scene—Jean Smith, Delma Kimmerly, Gertrude Kinnear, Eileen Cook, Homer Jackson.

Poster advertising School Fair —Gertrude Bradshaw, Inez McKnight, Sammy Hart, George Davis, Doris Kimmerly Laura Bowen.

Collection of three art specimens—Marion Winter, Harold Winter, Lawrence Kimmerly, L. Asselstine, Irene Dewitt) Muriel Bradshaw.

Public Speaking Contest—Marion Winter, Dorland Jackson, Benny Woods, Laura Bowen.

Solo—Zellah Grooms, Marion Cook, Kathleen Dupree, Pauline Clute, Marion Winter, Dorland Jackson, Garnet Brooks.

Boys' Riding — Hugh Hume, Carmen Hudgins, Dorland Winglover, Jack Denison.

Stock Judging Contest—Norman McMillan, Ronald Denison, Edmund Manion, Garnet Brooks.

School Parade—S. S. No. 4.

Home Garden Exhibit—Marion Winter, Lawrence Kimmerly, Hubert Thompson, Carmen Hudgins, Dorland Wood, Ross Lasher Hugh Hume, Wilfred Winter, Milo Schamerhorn, Cameron Russel, Joe Dudgeon, Garnet Brooks, Wallace McKnight, Wilfred Sexsmith, Norman McMillan.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOR.

S. S. No. 1—Pauline Clute.
S. S. No. 3—Elsie Henderson.
S. S. No. 4—Marion Cook.
S. S. No. 5—Beatrice Mowers.
S. S. No. 6—Velda Henderson.
S. S. No. 7—Charlie Martin.
S. S. No. 8—Florence Asselstine.
S. S. No. 9—Hubert Thompson.
S. S. No. 12—Jean Smith.
S. S. No. 13—Hugh Hume.
S. S. No. 14—Marion Winter.
S. S. No. 15—Milo Schamehorn
S. S. No. 16—Harry Barham.

Ants With Parasols.

A colony of parasol ants have arrived at the London Zoo from Trinidad, West Indies.

After constructing their underground chambers and tunnels, they will proceed to cut off, with their sharp, scissor-like jaws, circular pieces of leaves, which, after being carried below to a special bed, are nibbled into small fragments and packed so that they will ferment and produce a crop of small mushrooms. Sprays of rose and privet, as well as the pith of orange-peel, have been provided for the purpose.

It is the ants' method of transporting the leaves which has earned for them their popular name, the circular pieces, whilst gripped by the jaws, being carried over the head as though as a shield from the sun.

A New Process.

A process has been introduced in Germany for rapidly drying the inner cement finishing of dwelling-houses. The buildings are practically closed, and hot air containing a large percentage of carbonic acid is blown into the rooms from a boiler room by a machine placed in front of the house. The air is thus forced through the pores of the walls, the carbonic acid converts into cement into the cement and hardening it, while the moisture is vaporised by the heat and carried away by the air. It is stated that in this way the hardening of the cement, which normally may require months is completely effected in a few days.

Plants Grow "Tired."

Plants are most active during the period between noon and 3 p.m.; they grow "tired" after five, but do not really go to sleep till 5 a.m.

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A QUEEN'S HARBOR.

Was the Property of Queen Eleanor, the Mother of King John.

Although London is famous as a port, few people ever think of it as possessing a harbor. But there are many old jetties and inlets along the river front between Blackfriars and the Tower; and the largest and most interesting of these is Greenhithe.

It is a spacious square opening out of Upper Thomas Street. At the far end of this square, and hidden from view by warehouses, is a harbor large enough to accommodate three river barges. The warehouses form three sides of a square round the haven, which is high and dry at low water.

The name "Queenhithe" may mean "queen's haven," as this hithe or haven was the property of Queen Eleanor, the mother of King John; and the place was known in the Middle Ages as "Ripa Reginae," or "Queen's Bank."

At one time Queenhithe was the most important dock in London; the second in importance was Billingsgate.

Until 1876 there was a church on this site known as St. Michael, Queenhithe. It was built by Wren, and had as a vane the model of a ship in full sail. The hold of the model ship was large enough to contain a bushel of corn. When the church was demolished the weathervane was preserved and is now on the roof of the rectory of St. James, Garlickhithe.

"Royalty" on a Book.

Originally a "royalty" was simply a due—sort of rent—paid to the king or his representative in respect to lands owned by the crown. Next the word came to be used of payments in respect of inventions or writings. For an invention a monopoly was granted by a patent from the crown, and in return for the monopoly the inventor paid over to the crown some percentage of his profits. In the case of writings, the monopoly is given by copyright.

With the decay of the old system, however, the term has largely changed its sense, the author or inventor of to-day taking a royalty (a percentage of profits) instead of giving it.

The Slow Coach!

A good story is told about Major Segrave, the British racing motorist who broke the world's record with a speed of 209 miles an hour.

Segrave was motoring through Piccadilly, when the traffic was held up. The all-clear signal was given, and Segrave attempted to move on, but the clutch of his car refused to function. The other motorists tooted and pedestrians glared.

"Hurry up," said the policeman, good-humoredly. "Hurry up — slow coach!"

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
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B HELEN R. MARTIN,
Author of "Tillie: A M onite Maid."

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"Eunice," she began earnestly, her eyes on the distant horizon which was just beginning to deepen its evening hues, "do you ever feel, in your nearness to nature here, how really we ourselves are a part of all this wonderful beauty? It seems to me that this environment," she added, without waiting for Eunice to reply, "ought to make us sensitive to beauty in every detail of life."

Kinross grinned behind his newspaper and settled himself to enjoy the conversation. He was finding Georgiana very diverting.

Eunice looked up from her book, her dark eyes dreamy and absent.

"Sensitive to beauty even to the point of feeling out of harmony with our environment if we are not tastefully dressed," Georgiana went on. "And so," she ended gracefully, laying the gown she held across Eunice's lap, "I want to give you this pretty white gown."

Eunice's eyes grew wide with a questioning surprise. "You want to give it to me?" she asked wonderingly. "But why?"

Kinross, from behind his newspaper, found himself listening intently to hear what Eunice would say.

"Because I feel," Georgiana smiled encouragingly, "that even so trifling a thing as our clothes can help us to get into right relations with life."

The girl's puzzled gaze seemed trying to make it out. But before she could reply Ollie leaned forward and, eagerly examining the embroidery and ruffles on the pretty dress lying across Eunice's lap, asked with undisguised covetousness, "Did you wear it fur nice or just fur so?"

"Oh, I wore it for 'nice,'" Georgiana smiled.

"Eunice she never did think at the closes much like what I do," Ollie added insinuatingly.

"That is perhaps commendable to a certain point," said Georgiana gently. "But one should give just enough attention to outward adornment to let it express something of the inner life. The refinement of our thoughts and feelings or the lack of it is often symbolized by our dress. We should cultivate our natural inclinations for external harmonies—it is not right to be indifferent to them—they are a legitimate part of life."

She had addressed herself to Eunice, and the girl, still looking puzzled, answered uncertainly. "But when the lack of harmony with one's environment is fundamental mere external adjustment can't help things."

Georgiana looked nonplused. Daisy, fumbling the pages of a book she was not reading, dropped her lower lip in astonishment. Dr. Kinross put down his paper from before his face and took his pipe from his mouth. Even Ollie's face expressed surprise.

"We need not ever let our environment rule us," said Georgiana, looking as though she had lost her bearings, but making an effort to recover herself.

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

"And the great English poet Robert Browning," she continued instructively, "called environment 'machinery, just meant to give thy life its bent.' Emerson's whole gospel is man's spiritual mastery of circumstance. I am aware that most of us are slaves to it. But we can rise to a plane where instead of letting it control us we control it. Otherwise we go through life missing the true beauty, the perfect harmony of the universe. I feel sure that you can find that harmony if you will keep your mind open to it. For instance," she said, with a perfunctory playfulness, "begin by putting on this white gown—in which I feel you will give those about you a genuine aesthetic pleasure—and even help to educate them to a fine taste in the small things of life."

"I suppose you mean to do me a kindness," Eunice answered, her eyes downcast, "and so I thank you. But it would humiliate me to be a recipient of charity. I find more of the 'harmony' which you seem to value so highly in clothing myself only in these clothes which I myself have earned rather than in—other people's things, however beautiful they may be."

She gathered up the white gown as she spoke and laid it on Georgiana's lap.

Kinross saw that Georgiana in her chagrin at the girl's failure to appreciate her generous patronage almost lost sight of the astonishing language she had used.

"If that is the way you feel," she answered, "very well. I beg your pardon if I have offended. I did not mean to. The fact is I have misunderstood. I did not know that"—She broke off incoherently, unable to express herself in her new and confused impression of the farm girl.

"Stung again!" exclaimed Daisy.

"Please, Daisy!" protested Georgiana.

"But, indeed, Georgie," pleaded Daisy, "I can't blame Eunice for thinking it isn't worth while to wear glad rags out here when no one would see her anyway."

"That isn't the point at all," returned Georgiana, looking distressed.

"Are you givin' it back?" Ollie here demanded of Eunice incredulously. "Och, what makes you act so dumm? Mebbe," she said, turning to Georgiana, "it wohld fit me—if you don't want it."

"You are too stout and too short for it," Georgiana answered a little distantly. "It isn't that I want to get rid of the gown. I thought merely to encourage Eunice."

"Encourage me?" repeated Eunice, again puzzled.

"But I see that I was mistaken," she said hastily.

She half turned her back with a movement that closed the conversation. Eunice's eyes fell to her book again, and for a time no one spoke, though Ollie's look of disgust at the loss of the proffered gown was louder than words.

Kinross replaced his pipe in his mouth and drew on it vigorously. This girl, Eunice—the sort of language she used, the ideas she expressed—talking about the want of harmony with her environment being "fundamental!"

"For an unschooled Pennsylvania Dutch girl of the backwoods"—but his reflection was checked by a whispered remark from Daisy at his side.

"Imagine that yard of pump water, Ollie, in one of Georgiana's gowns! She looks as though she weighed 250 Fahrenheit!"

"Do you mean avoirdupois?"

"Now, Pete, you needn't be so smart!" she retorted resentfully. "What if I do mean avoirdupois? Oh, dear," she sighed, "I never seem to be cocksure of a fact. I almost wish I were clever instead of pretty."

"Now, if you was Georgie," he remarked, "you'd be both; ain't?"

"Peter." Daisy gently reproved him, "I wouldn't be shocked if you called me Daisy. (Sweet name, isn't it?) But to permit yourself the liberty of calling Miss Daisy 'Georgie'—that's the limit! So you think," she added, "that she's both clever and beautiful? And she thinks you, Peter," she confided to him, "have a latent fineness concealed somewhere about you?"—

"A whatever?"

Daisy's answer was arrested by Georgiana's rising from the window sill and sitting down beside her on the front door step. Georgiana had evidently quite recovered her not easily disturbed equinimity.

"What are you reading?" she inquired of Daisy in the tone of gentle patronage she always used to her cousin and for which Daisy appeared humbly grateful. "Or, I should say, what is that book you are not reading? One of those that father made you pack?"

"Yes," sighed Daisy, "this one is to equip me for our European tour next summer. I'm on Switzerland now. It's perfectly dear!" she said, with perfunctory enthusiasm. "The author has so many pretty thoughts about the sceaery."

Georgiana smiled indulgently. "Do you know, Daisy, what book you and I ought to have brought with us to read in this setting—with this background?" she asked, waving her hand abroad to indicate the farm at large.

"Which?" inquired Daisy respectfully. "Please to break it to me gently, Georgiana."

"Izaak Walton's 'Compleat Angler.' It is remarkable that such an unpretentious work as 'The Compleat Angler' should have lived since the seventeenth century and be so very much alive still."

"Wait! I'd better make a note of that," said Daisy, gathering up her book and pencil.

"It lives," Georgiana went on

"Imagine that yard of pump water in one of Georgiana's gowns!"

thoughtfully, "because it so vividly exhales on every page nature's true message. Why, if anything could make me want to go a-fishing, Izaak Walton's picture of its delights would tempt me. And the famous passage about the worm—in which he recommends anglers to be merciful to it"—

"The worm?" It was Eunice's soft voice that spoke impulsively. "It was not to the worm, but to the frog that Izaak Walton recommended anglers to be merciful, wasn't it? 'Use him as though you loved him; that is, hann him as little as you may possibly that he may live the longer,'" she quoted.

Kinross leaned forward in his chair, his elbow on his knee, his chin on his hand. The two young ladies stayed at the girl as though unable to credit the evidence of their ears.

"You have read 'The Compleat Angler?'" Georgiana's astonished tones inquired.

"Many times," the girl answered, then suddenly colored and shrank back a little. "I—have seen it—yes."

"You have seen it to some purpose since you are able to quote it so accurately."

Eunice looked down at the Bible on her knee and fell not answer.

"But, Eunice, where did you get the book?" asked Georgiana.

"I—came by it—once."

"And you read it many times?" she persisted.

Eunice glanced up with a faint smile. "Not so much for its didactic instructions about fishing, but for the anecdotes scattered through it, the quotations and songs and poems."

"You have the book in the house?" asked Georgiana.

The girl looked uncomfortable. "I have not read it for more than a year," she said with evident evasion.

"If you are fond of reading—and of such reading—we shall be glad to let you have some of our books," said Georgiana in a tone of encouragement to struggling rural ambition.

"Offer her 'Some Facts About the Great Back Boned Family,'" advised Daisy earnestly. "It's so fearfully uninteresting that I'm sure it must be very instructive and beneficial."

"Thank you," Eunice replied. "But," she added, with an uneasy glance at Ollie, "I never have time to read except on Sunday, and Mr. Morningstar would not allow me to read anything but the Bible then."

"But I am so glad to find," said Georgiana graciously, "that when you do have an opportunity to read good literature you take advantage of it and that you read so appreciatively."

"I am glad to be a source of unhappiness to you," said Eunice, speaking with a faint unconscious touch of irony that suddenly brought the color to Georgiana's cheeks. Eunice herself looked as though she scarcely understood the vague discomfort which possessed her under the almost affectionate patronage of Miss Ellery.

The sound of a step on the porch—which evidently announced the expected arrival of Ollie's "regular comp'ny"—led Eunice to quickly close her Bible and rise to go away.

But she was stopped on the threshold.

CHAPTER X.

EUNICE was about to pass Ollie's steady comp'ny with a nod, but the young man stopped directly in her way, and, holding out his hand with a shy awkwardness, flushed deeply as he looked at her.

"Och!" exclaimed Ollie, turning in her chair to welcome him, but not rising, "but I'm glad you're here once! I'm so tired listenin' to the big words they're spittin' at each other here—yes, even Eunice yet! I didn't know Eunice could speak such high language! She ain't never done it around us still."

"Nor around me, neither—I'd like, too, to hear her once!" replied the young man, his bashful tones only just audible and his face and neck self consciously red as he retained Eunice's hand so that she could not pass on and looked at her with an ardor in his gaze that appeared quite irrelevant in view of the general understanding that he came to "set up" with Ollie. "Won't you stay settin' on the porch, Eunice?" he nervously begged the girl.

Eunice looked at him in surprise. To ask her to commit a breach like that, to violate the social code that no third person must be present at a Sunday night "setting up"—was he wandering in his wits? She tried to withdraw her hand, but could not—he held it tight—with Ollie, Dr. Kinross and the young ladies all looking on!

"This is the first time I have seen you—since I begun to come Sundays," he said with evidently gigantic effort to conquer his embarrassment at the acknowledgment he was making in Ollie's very presence. "Won't you see you at Sunday nights still when I come over?"

"Where was she at?" spoke up Ollie boisterously. "Out on the back porch settin'—with our Abe. That's where she'd be tonight, too, I guess, if mom didn't jaw her so fur it!"

"With Abe!" repeated Ollie's ostensible "friend" in a consternation that forgot the presence of others. "Her and Abe!"

Eunice dragged her fingers from his clasp and turned away before he could recover from the evident shock of Ollie's communication.

The three boarders, realizing that they were de trop, also rose and went away. Ollie and the young man were left in solitary possession of the field for the evening's campaign.

"How many dupes are there in this friendshaft, I wonder?" Kinross said to himself as he strolled out into the garden, his pulse bounding with a strange excitement. "The young ladies think I'm a country lout, Ollie thinks the young man, Hen Mucklehenny, comes to 'set up' with her when evidently he is fatally smitten with Eunice. Let him lay low if Abe discovers it. As for me, have I, too, been a dupe about that girl, Eunice? Is she a disguised college professor or 'whatever,' as her conversation this evening might suggest? Her diction is certainly not the everyday tongue of the Morningstars. How the dickens does it happen?"

But too many circumstances—the Morningstars' selfish treatment of her, Abe's infatuation, her slavish work—these and other things rebutted the theory that she was anything else than what she pretended to be. How, then, account for that astonishing little revelation of herself this evening? He turned it over in every conceivable way, but could arrive at no conclusion concerning her. He decided that he must certainly make an opportunity for talking with her and investigate her thoroughly.

Meantime Hen Mucklehenny's hesitation in taking advantage of the clear field left to him and his slowness to seat himself in the rocker at Ollie's side were attributed by her to his well known bashfulness. It was thus that she had interpreted also his lack of ardor on every Sunday night that he had been with her. No amount of encouragement in the past had availed to warm him up to the sort of love making considered in that locality an essential preface to matrimony.

"Hen," began Ollie, when at last they were rocking companionably side by side in their big wooden rockers on the porch, "you ain't got no need to trouble to make so polite to our Eunice, seein' she ain't my right sister that way. It make me no difference if she likes you or if she don't, her bein' only 'dopted and not our own flesh and blood. It wouldn't unplease me if you didn't make over to her any."

"Why, mean Hen coolly, "I didn't make polite to her just fur to please you, Ollie—not just to say fur that exactly; I"— He stopped helplessly, looking distraught.

Ollie was slow to grasp a new idea. All she saw just now was that her bashful lover was more embarrassed than usual. "That's all right, Hen," she continued him—quite irrelevantly the uncomfortable fellow thought.

They rocked in silence for a while. Pennsylvania Dutch courtships are wont to be punctuated by long periods of negative silence. Hen's countenance, instead of expressing the ecstacies of a lover in the fair presence of his lady, looked as if he were sitting in a dentist's chair under the ordeal of an extracting nerve.

"Hen," said Ollie presently in a tone of heavy import, "I want to speak somepin to you."

Hen fidgeted and waited to hear it. "If you wasn't keepin' comp'ny with me, Hen, do you know whist I'd near up and do."

"But that needn't hold you back, Ollie, from nothin', fur I ain't just to say"—

Hen floundered again and was silent.

LORD RODNEY FEEDING HIS PIGS IN SASKATCHEWAN CANADA

Titled Farmers Till Canadian Prairies

Western Canada is becoming very popular with lords and ladies of high rank. From England, from France, from Denmark, and from Hungary,—to say nothing of Russian nobles, they are drifting to the prairies of Alberta and Saskatchewan to prosper on farms or ranches.

Everyone knows, of course, that the Prince of Wales has a large ranch in Alberta, stocked with thoroughbred cattle, sheep and pigs. But everyone does not know that along the shores of the Saskatchewan River at Fort Saskatchewan a twelve room house of graceful architecture and modern throughout has been built on a ranch covering a thousand acres where Lord and Lady Rodney, with their family, have decided to spend the rest of their lives, with occasional trips, of course, back to England to visit their friends and relatives. Before undertaking to run the ranch, however, both of them "hired out" as farm hands on a neighboring ranch until they felt that they knew something of conditions which homesteaders on the prairies are obliged to meet. Now they are not only successfully running their own large farm, but friends in the nobility of England have sent out their promising sons to train under Lord Rodney before they, too, buy their own ranches. Lord Montague, son of the Duke of Manchester, is a pupil on Lord Rodney's ranch. The son of Lady Farquhar, of London, England, is another. Lady Rodney's little son, John, although only eight yeass of age, helps his father round the farm and bids fair to being an experienced farmer before he is out of his teens.

One of France's wealthiest noblemen, the handsome Duc de Nemours, who attended the annual ride of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies this summer, was so fascinated with the country round Banff and the Yoho Valley that he is reported to have bought some property and intends to return again next summer. Prince Eric of Denmark, whose marriage to one of Canada's best known society girls was an event much heralded, has expressed his intention of following the example of the Prince of Wales.

"I'd take and go to town and hire out fur a girl. Pop he holds me so close at home to the work and won't leave me go none—and if I was hired I could mebbe go more'n I kin so. They anyhow kin have off in the evenings still—hired girls in town kin."

"You needn't mind me, Ollie," Hen hastened to reassure her; "you just go if you want."

But Ollie shook her head. "I thought at it, but I couldn't make my mind up to leave you, Hen."

Hen looked miserable.

"Or if I didn't hire out I thought at going to a factory. In a factory you kin set all the time—kind if there's one thing I love to do it's settin'. And pop he has cross if ever he sees me settin'. To be sure, Sally Schnabel, she disheartened me fur hirin' out. She hired there fur a while in town at such a boardin' house where there was twenty-two comers and goers and she says she had to work wonderful hard. She says at home on the farm she had only six to cook and wash fur—and twenty-two towards six—that's a difference, too—ain't?"

"Yes, anyhow," Hen dully acquiesced.

"And Sally she sayed them towners they wanted a hired girl to be a fool fur 'em—to run in a room when they rung a bell like as if she was a dog—and to hand 'em things round the table instead of doin' their own stretchin'. Them ways I wouldn't take to so good."

"I guess," Hen agreed.

"And Sally she sayed the ma-sus wouldn't leave her have her reg'lar comp'ny come and set up with her—she tole Sally she didn't want no strange man comin' to her house. And Sally she tole her pretty quick. 'He ain't no strange man,' she says. 'I wouldn't go with no strange man. He's my reg'lar comp'ny.' Now, think, Hen! Accusin' Sally of travelin' with a strange man!"

"To think anyhow!" said Hen.

"But a body could go to the rooft garden now and agin if you was hired in town. Once! Abe he took me to such a theater play at the roofs garden and if it wasn't grand yet! A man come on the stage named Mr. Montgomery. He was the williain. Now, if he wasn't somepin fierce! Honest to goodness, Hen, he was the worst man I ever seen!"

"Now?" exclaimed Hen with forced sympathy.

"But, then, to be sure, if I was in town stayin' me and you us we couldn't keep comp'ny Sunday evenings."

Hen's gloom deepened to despair.

"Ain't, Hen?" Ollie tried to rouse him to some ardor.

The fact was the girl was weary of her bondage to her father's mercenaries and longed for the freedom from it that marriage would give her, especially marriage with one so well fixed as Hen Mucklehenny, and she was hoping by this suggestion of going to town to stir her lover into some alarm at the thought of losing her and thus precipitate their betrothal and marriage. True, he had been coming to see her only a few months, but where was the use of indefinite delay?

"Ain't, Hen, it would be some lonesome fur you if I went off?" she urged.

Again Hen squirmed in his chair, but he made no answer.

"But I'm thinkin' at goin," Ollie threatened. "How would you put in your Sunday nights with me off, Hen?"

"I'd come and set up with—with Eunice," he blurted out, "if her and Abe wasn't keepin' comp'ny."

Ollie turned and stared at him stupidly.

"But that would give her false hopes. She'd think you meant it fur really. And I just tole you you ain't got no need to make so polite to her fur my sake."

"It would be fur my own sake, Ollie," Hen stammered.

But Ollie did not grasp his meaning. "To anyhow hear about me and see my folks—ain't?" she said, thus interpreting his words. "Yes, well, but"—She doubtfully shook her head at such a questionable manner of courting her.

"Would the folks leave you go to town to work somepin." Hen asked, unable to keep a touch of hope out of his tone.

"I just would take and up and go!" declared Ollie. "I've got my age and kin go if I want. But to be sure my bein' of age ain't no use to me when I'm livin' with pop. To be sure when I'm living off of him I must do all where he says."

"Must Abe, too?" Hen asked, with unexpected and irritating irrelevance.

"If Abe must, too?" she repeated his question. "Well, anybody would know that his bein' a male that way he wouldn't be tied down like a female, fur all he has to obey to pop a good bit."

"Don't your pop and mom uphold to his keepin' comp'ny with—with Eunice"—Hen dragged the question out in an agony of embarrassment—"like what you sayed awhile back—that him and her would be settin' out on the back porch if your mom didn't jaw?"

"Was that so interestin' to you, Hen?" Ollie asked a bit wonderingly.

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"Was that so interestin' to you, Hen?" Ollie asked a bit wonderingly.

"Well, it would stand to reason they wouldn't want Abe to throw himself away on no bound girl where couldn't bring him no asssteuer and Abe so well fixed as he'll be and could marry near any girl in the township."

"But what's Abe's views?" Hen inquired. "Does he favor her agin your pop and mom?"

"Well, to be sure, Eunice would be anyhow dumm if she didn't try to get our Abe, bein bein' her only chance, fur pop won't never leave her go none, and she don't never see other ones, nor other ones don't see her neither. And, to be sure, Abe he favors her some too."

"If she seen other ones, mebbe she wouldn't favor Abe so much neither. Tole here dude from town now—does she favor him any?" Hen put out uneasily.

"Well," said Ollie contemptuously, "I guess she ain't lookin' that high—our Eunice yet! And him a farmin' why, even me, I wouldn't look to him! He won't bother even with them two town young ladies where's so well fixed and got it so good they can bond all summer and spend out money without workin' nothin' to bring more in—not even their own housework at home. A body's got to be pretty well fixed to do like that ain't? The doc he's dressed fine and up in everathe did you take notice of it?), and he's makin' he's a farmhand hired to pop just so's them girls will leave him be! Now think! Ain't he comic?"

"Now?" said Hen incredulously.

"Indeed, yes!" affirmed Ollie.

"He must be pretty good fixed, too, today off all summer without workin'."

"Yes," Ollie agreed, "he must make no amount of money fur his doctorin'."

"Well, then, if Eunice don't look so high, there's me. I'm better fixed than what Abe is. And her not makin' no asssteuer wouldn't make me no differace."

Hen's tongue was fairly running away with him.

Again Ollie turned to stare at him in dumb amazement.

"What you talkin', Hen? What would you be wantin' to give hopes to Eunice fur when you're my regular comp'ny?"

"That's where you're makin' a big mistake, Ollie."

The fatal words were out. Hen grasped the arms of his rocker as though to save himself from plunging into an abyss that yawned at his feet.

(Continued on page 5).

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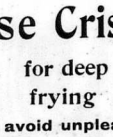
for deep frying
and avoid unpleasant smoke and odor.



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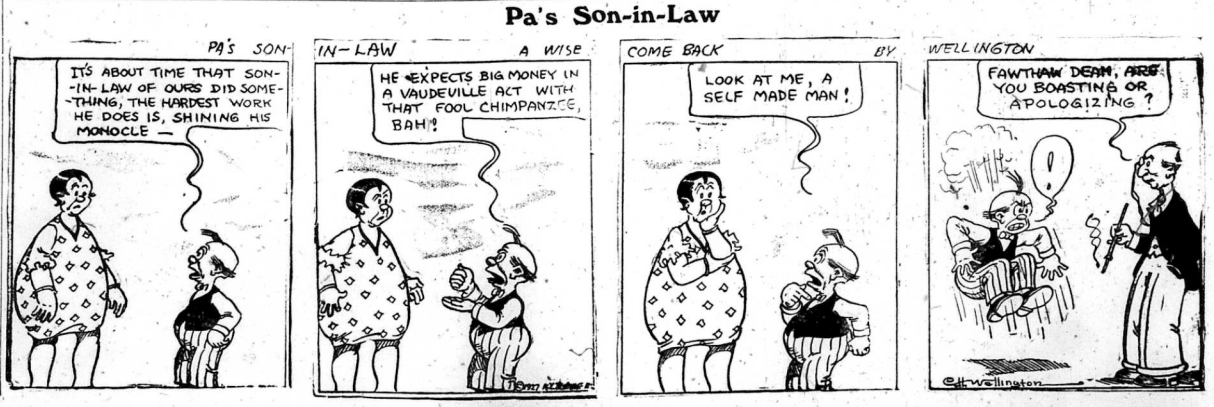
PA'S SON-IN-LAW A WISE COME BACK BY WELLINGTON
IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT SON-IN-LAW OF OURS DID SOME-THING, THE HARDEST WORK HE DOES IS, SHINING HIS MONOCLE —
HE EXPECTS BIG MONEY IN A VAUDEVILLE ACT WITH THAT FOOL CHIMPANZEE, BAH!
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ODESSA FAIR

(Continued from page 1)

SHEEP—COTSWOLDS AND LEICESTERS.

Ram—R. J. Garbutt.
Ram of 1927—R. J. Garbutt.
Yearling Ram—R. J. Garbutt.
Ewe—R. J. Garbutt.
Ewe of 1927—R. J. Garbutt.
Yearling Ewe—R. J. Garbutt.

SOUTHDOWN AND MERINO

Ram of 1927—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane.
Yearling Ram—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. McFarlane.
Ewe—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, Jas. Dawson.
Ewe of 1927—Jas. McFarlane, C. Martin, S. A. Denyes.
Yearling Ewe—Jas. McFarlane, C. Martin.

SHROPSHIRE.

Ram—Jas. McFarlane, C. Martin, R. J. McFarlane.
Ram of 1927—Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane, G. Martin.
Yearling Ram—C. Martin, R. J. McFarlane, Jas. McFarlane.
Ewe—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, Jas. Dawson.
Ewe of 1927—Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane, Geo. Radage.
Yearling Ewe—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.

DORSET HORNED.

Ram—D. B. Smith.
Ram of 1927—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.
Yearling Ram—D. B. Smith.
Ewe—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith
Ewe of 1924—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.
Yearling Ewe—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.

OXFORD DOWNS AND HAMPSHIRE DOWNS.

Ram—Jas. McFarlane, Clarence Martin.
Ram of 1927—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane.
Yearling Ram—Jas. McFarlane, C. Martin, R. J. McFarlane.
Ewe—Jas. McFarlane, Clarence Martin, Jas Dawson
Ewe of 1927—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, Clark Bros.
Yearling Ewe—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, R. J. McFarlane

POULTRY

Anconas—Bernice Henderson.
Andalusians—Bernice Henderson.
Orpingtons—Percy Maxwell.
Barred Rocks—Court Maxwell, H. E. Sutton.
White Leghorns—B. Henderson, O. Shangraw.
Brown Leghorns—A B. Hegadorn, D. B. Smith.
Buff Rocks—Wm. Griffith, D. B. Smith, A. B. Hegadorn.
Turkeys—Thos. Purdy, Cart Hawley.
Geese—Mrs. Pennock, E. S. Parrott.
Collection of 3 Hens and 1 Rooster, laying pen, not shown in above—Amos Davis, Bernice Henderson.
Minorcas—O. Shangraw, Robt. Nugent.
Wyandottes—O M. McDonald.
Barred Rocks, 1927—H. E. Sutton, Robt. Nugent, H. R. Nugent.
White Wyandottes, 1927—D. Smith Frank Smith, O. Shangraw.
Leghorns, 1927—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith, Bernice Henderson.
Rhode Island Reds, 1927—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith, H. E. Sutton.
Dressed Chicken—A. McDonald, A. B. Hegadorn.

GRAIN SEED.

Spring Wheat—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, Fred Clancy.
Fall Wheat—Fred Clancy, C. A. Amey.
Rye—Fred Clancy.
Barley—Mrs., W. F. Osborne C. A. Amey.
Peas—Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Oats, white—F. S. McPherson, Fred Clancy, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Buckwheat—F. Clancy, Addie Clancy.
Clover Seed, 1926—A. B. Hegadorn, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Timothy Sed, 1927—D. L. Boyce, H. E. Sutton, Ernest Walker
Beans—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, H. L. Smith.
Rick Corn—Court Maxwell, H. E. Sutton, M. S. Hill.
Evergreen Corn—Addie Clancy, Fred Clancy.

VEGETABLES, FRUITS AND ROOTS.

Red Potatoes—Robt. Nugent, H. R. Nugent, W. M. Clark.
Collection Potatoes—Thos. Purdy, Oscar Graham, Walter Atkinson.
Turnip—Thos. Purdy, Percy Maxwell, O. Henderson.
Carrots—Thos. Purdy, Geo. Radage, Oscar Graham.
Table Beets—George Radage, Jno. File.
Onions—Thos. Purdy, Leo Mooney, Oscar Graham.
Cabbage—D. Fitzpatrick, E. S. Parrott, M. S. Hill.
Northern Spy—W. M. Clak, C. A. Amey, Frank Smith.
Talman Sweet—D. L. Boyce, T. Purdy, Ed. Kaylor.
Pears—E. S .Parrott. A. B. Hegadorn, Thos. Purdy.
Collection Pears—A. B. Hegadorn, Thos .Purdy.
Collection Grapes—A. B. Hegadorn.
Red Peppers—Thos. Purdy, S. Snider, Addie Clancy.
Tmatoes—Thos. Purdy, Oscar Graham, Geo. Radage.
Celery—T. Purdy, A. B. Hegadorn, E. S. Parrott.
Collection of Vegetables and Roots—Thos. Purdy.
Collection of Fruit—O. Graham D. B. Smith.
Russet Apples—Thos. Purdy, E. S. Parrott, Jno. File.
Snow Apples—Stan Snider, W. Atkinson, Frank Smith.
Bell Flower Apples—S. A. Denyes, D. B. Smith, H. L. Smith.
St. Lawrence Apples—R. J. McFarlane, Jno. File, Thos. Purdy.
Duchess Apples—Court Maxwell, W. M. Clark, Jno. Hagerman.
Ben Davis Apples—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, D. B. Smith, F. Smith.
Seek-No-Further Apples—H. L. Smith, Thos. Purdy.
Wolfe River Apples—Byron Jackson, H. L. Smith, T. Purdy.
Stark Apples—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, R. J. McFarlane, D. B. Smith.
Wealthy Apples—Thos. Purdy, Jno. Hagerman, D. B. Smith.
Maiden Blush Apples—E. S. Parrott, Frank Smith, D. B. Smith
Baldwin Apples—Thos. Purdy.
McIntosh Red—Thos. Purdy.
Cauliflower—Thos. Purdy, O. Henderson, A. B. Hegadorn,
Squash—S. A. Denyes, Thos. Purdy, A. V. Hagerman,
Citron—H. L. Smith, Thos. Purdy, D .Fitzpatrick.
Pumpkin—L. Hartman, A. V. Hagerman, D. B. Smith,

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

WAGONS, CARRIAGES AND HARNESS.

Market Spring Wagon—Addie Clancy.
Lumber Wagon—C. F. Reid, A. Clancy.
Toy Buggy—A. B .Hegadorn, J. Hagerman.
Single Carriage Harness—Harvey Lucas.
Double Carriage Harness—A. B. Hegadorn.
Lumber Harness—A. Clancy.

DAIRY, APIARY, ETC.

Butter, 5 lbs. in crock, winter use—H. R. Nugent, Byron Jackson
Butter, 3 lbs. in roll—Byron Jackson, Robt. Nugent.
Butter, 3 lbs. in print—H. E. Cutton, B. Jackson, Bernice Henderson.
Cheese, 10 lbs. or over—H. L. Smith, Frank Smith.
Home rendered lard—B. Jackson, C. A. Amey.
Honey, in sections—B. Jackson, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Honey, extracted—B. Jackson, Mrs. W. F. Osborne, L. Hartman.
Maple Syrup, 1927 make—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, A. M. Fraser, E. S. Parrott.
Maple Sugar, 1927 make—Mrs. Pennock, Miss Pennock, L. Hartman.
Hen's Eggs, white shell—Jno. File, Bernice Henderson, W. M. Clark.
Hen's Eggs, Brown shell—H. R. Nugent, Jno. File, C. A. Amey.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Loaf White Bread, yeast—Stan. Snider, Addie Clancy.
Loaf Nut Bread, quick—A. B. Hegadorn, E. S. Parrott.
Yeast Buns—Frank Smith, S. Snider.
Light Tea Biscuits—C. A. Amey, Stan. Snider.
Oatmeal Cookies—Robt. Nugent, H. R. Nugent.
Sponge Cake—Jno. Hagerman, H. R. Nugent.
Layer Cake—E. S. Parrott, Geo. Radage.
Apple Pie—A. M. McDonald, A. M. Fraser.
Pumpkin Pie—Stan Snider, C. A. Amey.
Meat Pie—A. B. Hegadorn.
Canned Raspberries—Mrs. W. F .Osborne, H. E. Sutton.
Canned Strawberries—E. S. Parrott, Lillian Aylsworth.
Canned Cherries—A. B. Hegadorn, H. E. Sutton.
Canned Pums—H. E. Sutton, F. Smith.
Canned Pears—H. E. Sutton, O. Henderson.
Preserved Citron—W. M. Clark.
Preserved Peaches—O. Henderson, W. J. Snyder.
Black Currant Jam—Mrs. Pennock, H. E. Sutton.
Other native Fruit Jam—Mrs. Osborne, D. Parrott.
Apple Jelly—W. M. Clark, D. L. Boyce.
Red Currant Jelly—W. J. Snider, H. E. Sutton.
Raspberry Jelly—Mrs. Pennock Oother Native Fruit Jelly—Mrs. Pennock, Lillian Aylsworth.
Canned Tomatoes—A. B. Smith H. E. Sutton.
Canned Corn—O. Henderson, C. A. Amey.
Canned Beans—C. A. Amey, Mrs. Osborne.
Mixed Sour Pickles—H. E. Sutton, F. Smith.
Mustard Pickles—W. J. Snider, H. E. Sutton.
Tomato Catsup—Stan. Snider, C. F. Reid.
Green Relish—C. A. Amey, W. M. Clark.

LADIES' WORK—USEFUL.

Quilt, pieced, cotton—M. S. Hill, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Quilt, fancy quilting—C. A. Amey, Mrs. Pennock.
Comforter, home-made—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, Mrs. Pennock.
Fancy Bedspread, hand-work—Mrs. Pennock, Mrs. Osborne.
Machine (not factory) made garment—H. E. Sutton, D. L. Boyce.
Cotton Sheet, hand made—W. C. Loy-1, Mrs. Pennock.
Child's one piece dress, made from old garment—H. E. Sutton, Woolen Socks, hand knit—O. Henderson, Addie Clancy.
Woolen Mitts, hand knit—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Pennock.
Woolen Toque, hand Table Linen—L. Hartman, M. S .Hill.
Floor Mat, braided—H. E. Sutton, Mrs. Osborne.
Floor Mat, other kind—H. E. Sutton, Mrs. Pennock.
Sweater Coat, knit—W. J. Snider, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Sweater Coat, crochet—Addie Clancy.

LADIES' WORK—FANCY.

Irish Crochet—L. Hartman, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Filet Crochet, fine—W. J. Snider, Mrs. W. F. Osborne .
Filet Crochet, coarse—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, B. Henderson, Mrs. Pennock.
Braid Thread Lace—L. Hart-
Tatting—Mrs. Pennock, Miss Pennock.
Swedish Weaving—S. Snider, E. S. Parrott.
Eyelet Embroidery—Mrs. Pennock, Mrs. Osborne.
Slid White Embroidery—Miss Pennock, E. S. Parrott.
Roman Cut Work—Mrs. Pennock, M. M. Fraser.
Modern Floral Embroidery—Mrs. W. F .Osborne, Mrs. Pennock.
French Knot Embroidery—O. Henderson, Mrs. Osborne.
Five O'clock Tea Cloth, hand work—Mrs. Osborne, H. E. Sutton
Centre Piece and six Doyleys, embroidered to match—Mrs. Pennock, Mrs. Osborne.
Centre Piece and Six Doyleys, other hand work—Mrs. Pennock, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Set, Table Mats—Mrs. Osborne, Miss Pennock.
Serviettes—Mrs. Osborne, L. Hartman.
Tabe Cloth ad 2 Napkins to match—Mrs. Osborne, S. Snider.
Pair Tray Cloths or Table Ends W. J. Snider, H. E. Sutton.
Tea Cosey, wool, knit or crochet—Addie Clancy, Mrs. Osborne
Tea Cosey, white, other hand work—Mrs. Pennock, Miss Pennock.
Bedroom Towels, embroidered—L. Hartman, Mrs. Pennck.
Guest Towels, other thread trimming—Mrs. Osborne, Miss Pennock.
Towels, trimmed, other than embroidery—Mrs. Osborne, W. G. Snider.
Pillow Cases, embroidered—A. Clancy, A. M. Fraser.
Pillow Cases, other hand trimming—Miss Pennock, H. R. Nugent.
Day Pillow Slip, hand work—E. A. Kayler, W. G. Snider.
Fancy Sheet—W. J. Snider, S. Snider.
Dresser and Stand Cvers—Mrs. Pennock, Miss Pennock.
Pin Cushion—W. J. Snider, H. E. Sutton.
Ladies' Night Robe, embroidered—Mrs. Pennock, C. A. Amey.
Ladies' Night Robe, other hand work—Mrs. Osborne, O. Henderson.
Ladies' hand made Camisole—O. Henderson, Mrs. Pennock.
Ladies' Fancy Underwear—Miss Pennock, W. G. Snider.
Fancy Handkerchiefs, 3 styles H. E. Sutton, Miss Pennock .
Afternoon Blouse—Mrs. Pennock, H. E. Sutton.
Boudoir Slippers—H. E. Sutton Mrs. Pennock.
Child's Short Dress, embroidered—Mrs. Pennock, E. S. Parrott.
Child's Wool Jacket—H. R. Nugent, Mrs. Pennock.
Library Table Runner embroidered—Miss Pennock, Mrs. Pennock.
Library Table Runner, other hand trimming—W. G. Snider, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Sofa Pillow embroidered—H. E. Sutton, O. Henderson.
Sofa Pillow, other hand work—Mrs. Osborne.
Fancy Knitting—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, L. Hartman.
Crochet, in cotton—Mrs. W. F. Osborne, W. J. Snider.
Embroidery, not listed—Mrs. Pennock, L. Hartman.
Other fancy Needlework—Mrs. Osborne, D. L. Boyce.
Collection of Fancy Towels—Miss Pennock, Mrs. Pennock.
Fancy Knitting, in wool—L. Hartman, Miss Pennock.
Fancy Crochet, in wool—L. Hartman, Mrs. Pennock.

ART WORK.

Oil Painting, copy—B. Henderson, Miss Pennock.
Oil Painting, original—Miss Pennock, Bernice Henderson.
Water Color Painting, copy—Miss Pennock, Bernice Henderson
Water Color Painting, original —Mrs. Pennock, Miss Pennock.
Pencil Sketches, from nature—L. Hartman, F. S. McPherson.
Basketry—Mrs. W. F. Osbrne, L. Hartman.
Brasscraft—L. Hartman, Mrs. Pennock.
Hand Painted China, conventional design—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs .Pennock.
Hand Painted China, realistic design—Mrs. Osborne, Bernice Henderson.
Amateur Kodak Views—Mrs. Pennock.

FLORAL EXHIBITS.

Asters—H. G. Smith, H. E. Sutton.
Sweet Peas—W. J .Snider.
Dahlias—H. E. Sutton, Mrs. W. F. Osborne.
Gladioli—A. B. Hegadorn, B. Jackson.
Collection Annuals—H. E. Sutton, D. Fitzpatrick
Table Bouquet—F. Smith, O. Henderson.
House Plant, in boom—Amos Davis, Bernice Henderson.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Wonder Medicine Co, Kingston—Carlton D .Bell of the Dr. Bell Best Herd, Turnout driven by a lady—Otis Huffman, Ray Clement.
Royal Bank Odessa—Best Dressed Colt, 1927—Jas. Dawson.
W. J. Vandusen, Napanee—For best team of horses shown in harness—Frank Smith.
J. L. Boyes & Sons, Napanee—Best Single Turnout—C. Emmons
Dr. Smith, Y.S., Napanee—3-year-old Agricultural Colt—Wm. Robertson.
Pappas Bros., Kingston—Best Yearling Carriage or Roadster Colt—W. J .Snider.
The Lion Clothing House, Kingston—Best 3-year-old Carriage Colt—Fred Clancy.
Abernethy's Shoe Merchants, Kingston—Best Draft Colt—Erwel Miller.
H. J. McNeely ,Odessa—Fastest Team, nce around track, driven by lady—A. B .Hegadorn.
Smith Brs., Kingston—Best herd of milking cattle—Mal Featherlow, Jas. McFarlane, R. Asselstine
C. A. Wiseman, Garage, Napanee—best Junior Calf—F. Smith
C. A. Wiseman, Napanee—Pen of Sheep—R. J. Garbutt, Clarence Martin, Jas. McFarlane.
Smith's Drug Store, Napanee —Dressed Fowl—A. B. Hegadorn.
Queen's Hotel, Kingston—Pair White Wyandotte Chickens—N. O'Neil.
Simmons Bros., Kingston—Pair Pekin Ducks—Wm. Griffith.
W. S. Holmes, Odessa—Dressed Chicken—A. M. McDonald.
J. L. Swift, Odessa—Pair Rock Pullets—H. E. Sutton.
G. B. Burnett, Odessa—Rock Cockerel and two Pullets—H. E. Sutton.
Jno. G. C. Lindsay, Odessa—Leghrn Cockerel—D. B. Smith.
W. P. Sharp, Odessa—Dressed Ducks—W. Hegadorn.
Emmons Bros., Odessa—Best Pair Fowl—H. E. Sutton.
John M. Munro, M.D., Odessa—Pair of Ducks—A. B. Hegadorn.
Wilson Clothing Store, Napanee—F. S .McPherson.
R. A. Hamm, Odessa—White Honey—Byron Jackson.
F. W. Cunningham—Butter in prints—G. L .Bliss.
F. L. Hooper, Napanee—Five sections of Honey—Byron Jackson.
Boyle & Son, Napanee—2 lbs. Butter in prints—H. E. Sutton.
Scrimshaw's, Napanee—2 lbs. Butter—Byron Jackson.
Dr. Ming, M.P.P., Napanee—Christmas Cake—H. E. Sutton.
L. T. Best, Kingston—Apple Pie—H. E. Sutton.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
7.00 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof .Bain.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach at both services.

Anniversary Services and Supper.

Anniversary services will be held in Newburgh United Church on Sunday, October 16th, at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. On Monday, Oct. 17th, the anniversary supper and concert will be held, and will be conducted by the Ladies' Aid Society. An splendid supper and programme will be provided.

W. M. S. Meeting.

The Napanee Sectional meeting of the W.M.S. will be held in Grace United Church, morning and evening, of Wednesday, Oct. 5th. Miss Virgo, a missionary from China, and other native helper will give addresses both afternoon and evening. There will also be a helpful program in addition to the workers from China.

Badly Wounded While out Shooting.

James Moffat, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Moffat, is in a critical condition in Kingston General Hospital as a result of a hunting accident on Saturday afternoon. He accompanied with two other lads, all of whom are about 16 years of age, Moffat was duck hunting about three miles down the river from the town on the south side of the river. At the time of the accident Moffat was alone in the boat with his gun, and while pulling the gun toward himself by the barrel, the gun was discharged, the charge blowing off one finger of his hand and entering his ribs near the lung. Medical assistance was procured at once and the latter taken to the Kingston General Hospital, where he was given further treatment, and apparently is progressing favorably.

Evening Vocational Classes.

The Evening Vocational Classes will open at 7 o'clock at the Collegiate Institute to-night with an exceptionally large enrolment. Classes will be opened in Junior and Senior Typewriting, Junior and Senior Stenography, Junior and Senior Mathematics and Science, Junior English Show Card Writing, Draughting, Bookkeeping and Dressmaking. The total enrolment already exceeds 80, and no doubt will go as high as 100 pupils. The Commercial classes are filled almost to capacity, but there is still room in most of the classes for more. No Commercial pupils will be left in charge of L. S .Beattie and Mrs. Shoemaker, with Miss Paul assisting in typewriting. J. L. Murray will teach the Mathematics and Science. Miss H. Grange the English, J. F. Moffat the Draughting, Miss Gratton Show Card Writing and Miss L. Van-Alstyne the Dressmaking. The Draughting class is open to every girl and woman of the town over sixteen years of age, who is not attending a day school. This should be a very popular, as well as a profitable class, and everyone should avail herself of this opportunity. To-night the pupils will be assigned to their respective classes, given instructions regarding the course and the lessons will commence to-morrow. Next Thursday evening, however, classes will be run on the regular schedule. Those who have not already enrolled may do so to-night after the classes dismiss.

Craig—Lear.

Birchcliff Heights United Church, Toronto, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Martha, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lear, became the bride of Mr. Gordon Craig. Natural flowers leaves and ferns throughout the church made a picturesque setting for the ceremony, queer bows being marked off with white ribbons and flowers. Rev. M. R. Sanderson officiated. Mrs. Hall Canton, presided at the organ. The bride wore a charming gown of white georgette and satin, embroidered with silver and rhinestones. Her veil of embroidered tulle was caught to the head in cap fashion with coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower of Butterdy roses and lily of the valley. Miss Dorothy Welsman, who attended her, wore a flesh pink georgette and carried a sheaf bouquet of Butterdy roses and baby's breath. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Murray Craig. The ushers were Mr. James Gray and Mr. Edwin Barber. The Bridal March Featherlow, Jas. McFarlane, R. Asselstine "Queen's Hotel, Kingston—Pair C. A. Wiseman, Garage, Napanee—best Junior Calf—F. Smith C. A. Wiseman, Napanee—Pen of Sheep—R. J. Garbutt, Clarence Martin, Jas. McFarlane. Smith Brs., Kingston—Best Herd of milking cattle—Mal Feather-O'er Eden" was sung by the choir, of which Miss Lear was a member. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride, the bride's mother received, gowned in black satin-ette Canton, wearing corsage of roses and lily of the valley. Among many beautiful gifts was a cabinet of silver from all members of the Guarsh and auxiliaries. The bride travelled in ensemble suit of rose-blush tricotine, velour hat to match and fox fur. The happy couple will reside in Ypsilanti, Mich.

Campbell Bros. Kingston—Fried Cake, home made—H. R. Nugent.
Templeton & Son, Napanee—Sponge Cake—Frank Smith.
M. Taylor, Jeweller, Napanee—Lemon Pie—F. Jno. Hagerman.
E. J. Pollard, Napanee—Best half dozen Buns—Frank Smith.
A. S. Kimmerly, Napanee—Best dozen Buns—Frank Smith.
Haines' Shoe Store, Napanee—Loaf of Bread—D. B. Smith.
Gibbard's Retail Store, Napanee—Dark Layer Cake—O. Henderson.
McIntosh Bros, Napanee—for best Nut Loaf—D. B. Smith.
W. H. Grass, Napanee—for best loaf of Bread—Frank Smith.
D. A. Shaw, Kingston—for best Loaf of Bread—Frank Smith.
Weiss Bros., Napanee— for best variety of pickles—E. S. Parrott.
Paul's Garage, Napanee—Bussell Craig.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Corwinance Talmadge's latest comedy-drama, "THE DUCHESS OF BUFFALO." Director Sidney A. Franklin and Art Director William Cameron Menzies.

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Tom Mix himself took charge of one of the difficult tasks encountered in the production of "OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER," his latest Fox Films drama in which he has the role of a Texas Ranger

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Bert Lytell presents one of his latest pictures, "THAT MODEL FROM PARIS," with Marceline Day the leading lady, supported with an all star cast.

And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

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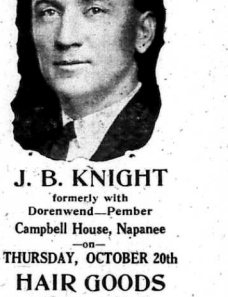

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20th

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WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Father's Day!

Only comes once a year, but you can get "Dad's Cookies" any day. It only takes one smell to sell them.

45-b AT STEACY'S.

AUCTION SALE

There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the residence of the late G. F. Ruttan, K.C., Bridge street, Napanee, on Saturday, October 8th, 1927, commencing at the hour of 12.30 o'clock p.m., the household goods and effects contained therein. Terms, cash.

W. H. ROE, Auctioneer. 45-a

Late John Neilson.

The remains of the late John Neilson ,who died in Toronto on Friday last were brought to Napanee on Monday and taken to Sandhurst for interment. The late Mr. Neilson was a former well-known resident of Napanee, With Mr. A. L. Robinson the firm opened the drug store in the building now occupied by Mr. E. Pigeon. Mr. Robinson afterwards went into the wholesale business as the Neilson-Robinson Co., Mr. Neilson taking over the retail drug store. After the failure of the Neilson-Robinson Co., Mr. Neilson moved to Toronto, where he has since resided. Besides his mother, one sister, Miss Jeesie Neilson, residing in Toronto, survives.

Suggest Buying School Trophy.

Picton, Oct. 1.—Mr. W. J. Carter was the guest last night at a banquet held at the Globe Hotel after Field Day sports at Picton, when the Trenton, Belleville and Napanee athletic representatives were most royally entertained. Following the satisfaction of the dinner hour, appreciation of the hospitality and gratitude were expressed to the kindly host by Mr. Murray, of Napanee, Mr. Howard, of Belleville, and a boy student from Trenton. Other speakers were Messrs. W. B. Turnbull, W. J. Carter and Dr. C. S. Slack, who in his remarks made the suggestion that each Collegiate subscribe $10 towards purchasing an Intercollegiate Challenge Cup to be competed for yearly by the four Collegiates alternately. This suggestion met with hearty endorsement by all present. D. C. O'Brien, physical director of the Picton Collegiate acted as chairman of the dinner, and proved himself an adept in that particular.

Cathy music and snappy dances are two of the many features of "Let's Go."

If Everybody Did It!

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail! Would it not cause consternation and would not all business houses be very much concerned? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some do this regularly

—And what is the result? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular district is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how prone many are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in rural communities except to get printing orders and the cash to pay for them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

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His Courtship

(Continued from page 3)

"Makin' a mistake! How am I makin' a mistake?" the bewildered Ollie demanded. "Ain't you settin' up with me Sundays?"

"If I am, it ain't because I 'come here fur that intention. It's because yous all had a misunderstandin' about the lady friend I wanted to pick out—which it was Eunice and not you, Ollie."

Now that Hen had got started it seemed as easy as rolling downhill. He exulted buoyantly, like one who had shaken off ghostlies.

Ollie rose and confronted him, her dull complexion flushing a deep red.

"You come here to set up with Eunice?"

"That's wot!" said Hen courageously.

"Why didn't you say so?"

"You didn't give me no chanct. Yous all was so sure I meant you, Ollie. Yous, some of yous, could see that a feller might want Eunice even if she don't have no nusstenuer, her bein' such a good looker that way."

"You just made a fool out of me, Hen Mucklehenny!" Ollie cried, almost choking with her shame and indignation.

"I didn't go fur to do no sich a thing, Ollie."

"Well, you kin just go home and stay home!" the girl said vindictively, "fur pop ain't leavin' Eunice keep comp'ny with ne one—ner Abe nor n one else! Pop says what did he raise her fur all these years just to leave her run when she's old enough to be of some use and pay him back fur his supportin' her?"

"Won't you go tell her I'm waitin' here to set up with her?" Hen pleaded.

Ollie glared at him dully, her bosom heaving. "Well, Hen Mucklehenny, to show you I don't want you and Eunice is welcome to you I will go tell her, but I'll tell pop and mom, too, and you kin settle it with them yet—and I wish you luck with 'im!"

She turned her back on him and left him. He waited, fairly quivering with eagerness for the appearance of the sweet, fair girl whose image filled his dull soul. Were his many weeks of dreaming about her about to be crowned with the actual realization of the bliss of "sitting up" with her? Would she in a few minutes be seated in this chair at his side, her hand clasped in his? His ecstatic expectation quite drove from his mind the spleen and disappointment of poor Ollie.

She meantime had sought her parents in the kitchen and had wrathfully

"Makin' a mistake! How am I makin' a mistake?"

related to them that it was Eunice and not she with whom Hen was wanting to keep company.

The indignation of Mrs. Morningstar against both Hen and her foster daughter was quite equal to Ollie's. Mr. Morningstar was hardly less chagrined for he had been more than satisfied with the prospect of so good a match for his daughter, and he did not wish to part with Eunice at all.

"I ain't leavin' her keep comp'ny with no one," he unhesitatingly affirmed, after the first shock of Ollie's news, as he smoked his pipe by the kitchen window, the smallness of his soul shining out of his little blinking eyes and reflected in the stubborn set of his thin lips, "not even fur the sake of keepin' her off of our Abe. She ain't to waste her time with no beau! You just go round front, Ollie, and tell Hen Mucklehenny I ain't leavin' Eunice keep comp'ny with him nor no one else!" he commanded.

"You go tell him, pop. I don't want to go near him no more."

But Mrs. Morningstar interposed an objection. "It'll give us an awful bad name—our puttin' it out that she hasn't dare to take her chances, too, like other ones. Better leave Hen see her to-night. Then till next Sabbath a'ready we kin tell her she has to tell him she don't feel fur settin' up with him."

"I'll tell her she's to tell him that right aways this agitating and not wait till next Sabbath," responded Mr. Morningstar, rising to go to the girl. "You don't know how fur him and her might git along in one evenin'. I ain't takin' no risks like that. She's to tell him right aways she don't take to him."

"Then he can't say we kep' her back." Mrs. Morningstar nodded approvingly. "Don't cry, Ollie." She tried to comfort the girl, who was sniveling audibly. "There's others will be glad to take Hen's place."

But Ollie knew better, and her disappointment was keen.

"Where is Eunice at?" Mr. Morningstar asked, coming back from the kitchen porch, where he had gone to look for her.

A search ensued, in which the girl could not be found either in her own bedroom or in the front room with the young lady boarders nor yet in the garden with "the doc," who was strolling about in the twilight smoking. Where could she possibly be? The suspicious circumstance that Abe also was not about pointed to the possibility, almost the certainty, that they had gone off somewhere together.

"Abe's horse and buggy ain't in the barn," Ollie reported to her parents as they all came together again in the kitchen after their investigation of the place. "I looked open the barn door and looked oncet, and it ain't there! She's took and went out buggy ridin' with him, I bet!"

"She wouldn't do it to go off with him unbeknownst. It ain't like her ways," Mr. Morningstar questioned this circumstantial evidence.

"I wouldn't of thought she would of took and done it unbeknownst!" Mrs. Morningstar lamented. "But she won't have the dare to do it ag'in!" she declared threateningly.

"I'll go round front and fix Hen Mucklehenny all right!" Mr. Morningstar suddenly said, with ghoulish satisfaction, turning to the door. "I'll just tell him Eunice and Abe's went out buggy ridin' together. That'll disharten him from comin' round here after her any more."

As he left the room Ollie's eyes followed him, their customary sullen dullness dissipated for the moment by a reflection of her father's spitefulness.

CHAPTER XI.

KINROSS, sauntering in front of the porch, overheard the farmer "fixing" poor Hen.

"There ain't no use your settin' here waitin'. She's went off buggy ridin' with our Abe. Him and her's a wonderful took with each other, and neither of 'em's got eyes fur no other ones."

"I seen Abe's buggy ahead of me when I was drivin' over here," Hen answered, his tone expressing timid doubt of the truth of Mr. Morningstar's assertion, "and I didn't take notice to no lady settin' alongside of him. He rode clean down the pike ahead of me. Our buggies was so close apart I could see right into them. And till I got here a'ready Eunice she was here."

"She knowed better'n to git in with him near here. She likely walked over the schoolhouse and behind Zoar's church up and then got in his buggy above the town out, so's us we wouldn't see her."

Very low in his mind and looking abject in disappointed and discouraged, Henny 06 receiving this information rose to go home.

Kinross mused on the situation as for an hour longer he wandered up and down the garden in the window night. His promenade brought him every now and then to a corner of the house from which he could see in an unoccupied and reputedly "haunted" part of the building a faint flickering light in one of the windows.

He had been told of the tradition concerning the ghost who visited this wing of the old house. The Morningstars were very proud of the distinction of living with the only ghost of the township, and strangers to the neighborhood were never left long in ignorance of it. Kinross felt sure, from what he had seen of the family, that none of them could possibly be induced to go near that haunted quarter of the house after dark and he was naturally puzzled, therefore, to account for the light he saw in the window just now. He thought he would ask Mrs. Morningstar to let him sleep in the haunted room some night and see whether he could not meet and lay the spirit that troubled it. It did not occur to him to associate the light with the absence of Eunice. He accepted, as unquestioningly as did Hen Mucklehenny, Mr. Morningstar's story of her clandestine drive with Abe. Indeed, the family's agitation over the fact was keeping them up long after their usual early bedtime, as he knew from the lamp light in the kitchen to which the circuit of his stroll periodically brought him.

His impressions of Eunice were in dire confusion and refused to lend themselves to readjustment. That a girl capable of even accidentally reading "The Compleat Angler" and discussing it as she had done should "take up" with Abe Morningstar was singular, to say the least. The flowerlike beauty of her face, the peculiarly thrilling quality of her voice, her grace and, in some respects, exquisiteness made it seem incongruous that she should, as Mr. Morningstar had expressed it, be "wonderful took with our Abe." And then the intelligence she had revealed this evening—what was it she had said about "The Compleat Angler?"—it was not "for its didactic instructions about fishing" that she cared for it, but "for the anecdotes scattered through it, the quotations and songs and poems."

Good Lord! Should he presently discover that Abe was familiar with Chaucer and Spenser and that Ollie was a student of Shakespeare and Milton? He couldn't have been more astonished if he had found Mrs. Morningstar quoting Henry James or come across Mr. Morningstar intelligently reading George Meredith. As a psychologist he could not reconcile the fact of the girl's having left school at the age of twelve, according to her foster mother's own acknowledgment, with her capacity for assimilating Izaak Walton's little classic. He remembered that Mrs. Morningstar had told him of the child's grief at being taken from school. "She cried wonderful" the woman had said in the unsympathetic tone with which she always spoke of the girl.

"It would take a Sherlock Holmes to ferret out this mystery," he said to himself.

As he came to this conclusion a turn in his walk brought him in sight again of the haunted back building, and he saw that the lighted window had become dark. "The ghost has gone to roost," he decided.

A moment later as he came around to the front of the house the light of a lamp illumined one of the upstairs bedroom windows, the room in which, as he knew, Ollie and Eunice slept. But a moment before he had passed the kitchen in which he had seen Ollie and her parents sitting about the table. Who, then, was in that upstairs room? No member of the Morningstar household would commit the extravagance of leaving a lamp burning in an empty room. Had the ghost wandered from the back room to the front one? But ghosts did not need the dim light of kerosene lamps.

Presently in his circuit about the house he found that the trio in the kitchen had at last taken their lamps and gone upstairs, leaving the kitchen door unlatched for him and for the truant lovers.

Kinross felt an impulse of pity for Eunice as he thought of the retribution she would have to face on her return or on the morrow.

"But she never had to mind the old lady's upbraidings; she takes them with an apparently philosophical calm," he thought. "I wonder whether, against all the stress that will be brought to bear upon her, she will with equal calmness and philosophy persist in her devotion to Abe. I should think she'd find it hard to hold out against the cold blooded obstinacy of that horrid old Morningstar—harder than against the woman's warm temper. I fancy the Dutchman could be cruel under some circumstances. Now, I'm inclined to think Eunice would be better if she favored that sheep that came to court her this evening—Hen Mucklehenny. He looks inoffensive and soft hearted, while Abe Morningstar is genuine son of the Dutch—small souled, selfish and brutal. But she doesn't know that it is she Hen came to see, and the Morningstars will take care that she doesn't find it out. I might do her a good turn by telling her on the quiet."

His meditation turned at last from sheer weariness into another channel, and he fell to thinking of the awkward situation he would have to confront when on his return to town, he should be obliged to meet Miss Ellery and Miss Parks in his true character. How he was going to carry it off was a question which not infrequently occupied his leisure moments.

"I wonder whether Georgiana was in the least shaken out of her orbit by the shock of Eunice's elopement," a quotation from Izaak Walton and declining to be 'a recipient of charity'—that was the damsel's phraseology, if I remember. Probably not. She could hardly forget herself long enough to entertain more than a mere passing wonder about another woman.

"Her wishing to give that dress to Eunice—it was not because of any sympathy with Eunice; it was merely an exploiting of herself, an insistence upon her theories, which she feels set her above and apart from the common herd. If something could happen to her to knock out of her her own fool idea of herself and make her just a simple, natural girl, why, with such beauty and distinction as she has, she might be a very charming person."

He took his pipe from his mouth and clasped his hands behind him as he bent back his head to the stars while he dwelt upon the picture of a revised Georgiana which his fancy called up. He was just wondering whether the deception he was playing upon her in his disguise might not be made in some way to work such a revelation in her when his reflections were arrested by the sound of approaching carriage wheels.

In the quiet of the country evening the beat of the horse's hoofs could be heard from a distance, and he had time to decide that it was no doubt the buggy containing the truant lovers that was coming up the road and to wonder how their return would be met by the angry heads of the house when the vehicle drove in at the barn, and he saw as he strolled in that direction that Abe was alone.

What had the fellow done with Eunice? Kinross was surprised into a quick feeling of alarm for the girl's safety. He was on the point of stepping after Abe into the barn to inquire after her when he bethought him that he would do better to keep out of the "mixup."

"It's none of my business. Of course Abe would justly resent my solicitude for the girl."

So, with the reflection that he was living in the midst of fast thickening mysteries, he shook out his pipe and went indoors for the night.

To reach his bedroom he had to pass the opening to the long, narrow hall which led into the redoubtable back building, and it was just as he came to this passage that his step was arrested by something that sent through a momentary thrill of excitement. The lamp he carried shed a light down the passage, and his eye was caught by a white figure moving swiftly and noiselessly at the farthest end of it. Almost instantly the figure disappeared. Whether it had run around a turn in the hall or dissolved into ether he could not be sure. Was it a wraith or what? Should he pursue it? No; its garb was too suggestive of a woman's nightgown to make pursuit on his part advisable. He would get Mrs. Morningstar's permission to sleep down there some night, and then, if ghost it were, he would surely make its acquaintance.

With this conclusion and feeling actually exhausted with the evening's succession of episodes he went to bed.

CHAPTER XII.

KINROSS' aversion next morning to departing with his books into the woods, the small interest he felt in the philosophy of the schools as compared with the philosophy of the actual life of the Morningstar farmhouse, led him to risk exciting the suspicion of his fellow boarders by "hanging round" the kitchen porch during the greater part of the forenoon.

On coming downstairs to his breakfast he had found Eunice, as usual, at her kitchen drudgery, moving about, as she always did, as though only half conscious of her surroundings. If as the result of last night's developments there had been a scene, the girl bore no sign of it.

He put a few leading questions to Mrs. Morningstar as she gave him his breakfast. This matter of his late and solitary breakfast had been a troublesome one to adjust in his assumption of the character of a farmhand, since not even his desire to retain his incognito would have induced him to get up to the family's 4 o'clock meal. He had finally, after considerable difficulty, negotiated with his landlady for breakfast in his room, except on such mornings as the cows was left clear by the early departure of the other boarders to the woods or "wherever," as Mrs. Morningstar referred to their wanderings.

"Well," he remarked as he broke an egg, while Mrs. Morningstar filled a glass with milk for him, "where was Eunice last night, anyway, when you were all looking for her?"

"Och, her?" snapped Mrs. Morningstar disagreeably. "Well, as I expected she'd went off buggy ridin' with Abe. The way she tries behind my back to make up with our Abe! I tell her she hasn't a shame, and after all I done for her yet a'ready?"

"But she had not gone with Abe?"

"No; here when Ollie she went up to bed I guess near an hour after we was astin' you had you saw Eunice and Abe gone, yes. Then she must be in bed asleep. Ollie she waked her and ast her where was she awhile back when we was all lookin' for her, and Eunice she got stubborn headed and wouldn't answer to Ollie. She's the worst stubborn head, that girl is! I just believe she was out somewheres makin' up to our Abe. But Abe he got rid of her and went to see some other girl, I guess, fur he didn't come home till late."

Kinross wondered whether the fond mother of Abe really believed that he was the unwilling victim of Eunice's Machiavellian plots to attract him or whether her maternal jealousy merely invented this reluctance on his part.

"I don't know what's come over Eunice here lately," Mrs. Morningstar complained as she sawed thick slices from a huge loaf of homemade bread. "Till a couple days back she always minded to me and pop and done what she was told. Here this morning she jawed her fur not takin' that frock Miss Ellery wanted to give her. I sayed to her what right had she to as good as throw away a frock when she had to buy her all her clothes but she wouldn't make me no answer. Then pop he sayed she is to tell Miss Ellery she's changed her mind and will take the frock off of her if she wants, and still Eunice she didn't make pop no answer neither. Then pop he sayed to her did she understand she was to do it as soon as the young ladies come down this morning, and then Eunice she tole pop she wouldn't! To pop she sayed that! She couldn't hardly believe I heerd it. Why, our Ollie she wouldn't have the dare to tell pop she wouldn't!"

"And Eunice never did so before?"

"Well, I better guess she didn't!"

"But what do you suppose has made the worm suddenly turn—that is to say, how do you account for her asserting herself like that all at once?"

"Och, her!"

"Well," said Mrs. Morningstar, "to be sure, no person ever offered her no frock before."

"There's something in that," Kinross admitted.

"And then I wouldn't put it past her that she's spunkin' up because she thinks she's gettin' our Abe."

"He is a prize," granted Kinross, with apocryphal sarcasm.

"I guess, too," Mrs. Morningstar vigorously acquiesced in this view of her son.

(Continued on page 6).

TAMWORTH SCHOOL FAIR

September 15th, 1927.

Quart of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Hugh McKnight, Edwin Lochhead.

Sheaf of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Leona Huffman, Edwin Lochhead.

Quart of Marquis Wheat—Leona Huffman, Hugh McKnight, Grant Storing.

Sheaf of Marquis Wheat—Grant Storing, Leona Huffman.

Corn, Golden Glow—Lella Hughes, John Hopkins.

Corn, Golden Bantam—Jack Williams, Eva Yorke.

Iris, Cobbler Potatoes—Clarence Mulroney, Madeline Tucker, Alec Kennedy, Mary Shannon, Tom Hopkins, Lorne Yorke.

Dooley Potatoes—Edison Poston, Douglas Yorke, Franklin Carroll, Hugh McKnight, Jack Neville.

Mangels—Jack Williams, Ernest Gannon, Tom Hopkins.

Turnips—Muriel Hunt, P. J. Pickens.

Beets—Bruce Richardson, Rose Hopkins, Marie Murphy, Ally Pickens, Margaret McCormick, P. J. Pickens.

Carrots—Helen Shier, Gerald McCormick, Lorna Young, P. J. Pickens, Jack Neville, Alexandria Gilmour.

Parsnips—Edward Young.

Onions—Edison Poston, Marie Quinn, P. J. Pickens.

Asters—Helen Shier, Roy Milligan, Vera Kelly, Tom Watters.

Sweet Peas—Lorna Young, Helen Shier.

Zinnia—Tom Watters, Bruce Watters.

Verbena—Helen Shier.

African Marigold—Edwin Lochhead.

Calendula—Roy Milligan, Eva Yorke, Helen Shier.

Salpiglossis—Helen Shier.

French Marigold—Muriel Hunt, George Lynch, Garnetta Card, A. Pickens, Helen Shier.

Snow Apples—Benedict Donohue, Durwood Clithero, Helen Shier, George Murphy, Roy Milligan.

Collection of Apples—Helen Shier, Benedict Donohue, Edna Richmond, P. J. Pickens, Durward Clithero.

Spring Colt, heavy—L. Hughes.

Calf, beef breed—Jack Williams, Grant Storing, Clarence Burns.

Calf, dairy breed—Leona Huffman, Willie Shannon, Grant Storing.

Spring Lamb—Grant Storing, Edmund Hannah, Willie Shannon, George Murphy, John Hannah.

Barred Rock Cockerel—Clarence Mulroney, Gerald McLaughlin, Frankin Carroll, Leona Huffman, Jack Williams.

Barred Rock Pullet—Franklin Carroll, Leona Huffman.

Pen of Barred Rocks—Clarence Mulroney, Frankin Carroll, Leona Huffman.

Bird House—Benedict Donohue, Jack Williams.

Hammer Handle — Benedict Donohue.

Milk Stool—Benedict Donohue, Jack Williams, Gerald Cournyea, P. J. Pickens, Lawrence Bird.

Rope Halter (adjustable) — Jack Williams, Benedict Donohue.

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Lorna Young, Douglas York, Grant Storing.

Cuts of Live Stock—Howard Young, Lorna Young, Grant Storing, Orrel Moss, Alec Kennedy.

Six Snapshots — Gerald McLaughlin, Lorna York, Douglas Yorke, Vera Kelly, Eva York, Helen Shier.

Oatmeal Cookies—Donald Hunt, Eva York.

Gingerbread Cake, light — Donald Hunt, Cele Lynch, Muriel Hunt, Ally Pickens, Mildred Schoolcraft, Helen Shier.

Apple Pie—Marion Richmond, Leona Huffman, Muriel Hunt, Donald Hunt, Mildred Schoolcraft, Helen Shier.

Candy, maple cream—Roy Milligan, Lorna Young, Leona Huffman, Durward Clithero, Helen Shier.

Dish Towel, hand hemmed—Eva Yorke.

Guest Towel, hem-stitched, with embroidered initial—Helen Shier, Muriel Hunt.

Kitchen Apron—Helen Shier, Muriel Hunt, Vera Kelly, Jack Williams.

Darning on Stocking—Helen Shier.

Wedding "The Dandelion"—Madeline Tucker, Kenneth Curran, Leona Huffman, Emily Lott.

Wedding "Helen in Arabia"—Harold Kirk, Freda Wagar, Evelyn Cournyea, Marguerite Woodcock, Mildred Storing, Helen Kirkpatrick.

Writing "Bob White"—Dorothy Tucker, Jean White, Ida Card, Lella Hughes, Alexandria Gilmour, Ethel Kular.

Writing "My Native Land"—Benedict Donohue, Jim Williams, Jack Williams, Edmund Richmond, Helen Shier, Borden Milligan.

Crayon Drawing of Flower—Myrtle Gregory, John Hopkins, Edwin Lochhead, Leona Huffman, Madeline Tucker.

"Drawing Autumn Scene—F. Wagar, Helen Kirkpatrick.

Poster Advertising School Fair —Benedict Donohue, Muriel Hunt, Lorena Curran, Alexandria Gilmour.

Collection of three art specimens—Marion Richmond, Jack Williams, Benedict Donohue.

Public Speaking Contest—Muriel Hunt, Statis Palmer, Kenneth Stinson.

Solo—Alexandria Gilmour, L. Hughes, Howard Young, Bessie Dwyer, Leona Huffman.

Boys' Riding—Willie Shannon, Willie Hannah.

Stock Judging Contest—Edmund Hannah, Willie Hannah.

School Parade—1, Junior room; 2, second room; 3, Senior room.

—o—

World's First Fountain-Pen.

The centenary of the death of Francisco de Paulo Marti, maker of the world's first fountain-pen, has just been celebrated by Spain. Marti described his fountain-pen in his treatise of Spanish shorthand published in 1803, thirty-two years before Schaeffer and Parker made their first fountain-pen in England. Marti was also the author of a simple method of musical shorthand, which enables one to take music in shorthand, just like a speech. He also invented an excellent deaf-and-dumb alphabet.

Can Fly Backwards.

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Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."
WARNING!
Beware of Counterfeits
There is only one genuine "ASPIRIN" tablet. If a tablet is offered as "ASPIRIN" and is not stamped with the "Bayer Cross"—refuse it with contempt—it is not "ASPIRIN" at all! Don't take chances!

ERNESTTOWN SCHOOL FAIR—ODESSA

SEPTEMBER 12th, 1927.

Oats, O.A.C. No. 144, Sheaf—Bernice Reid, Marie Amey.

Barley, O.A.C. No. 21, quart—George Fisher, Irene Reid, Ivan Amey.

Barley, O.A.C. No. 21, sheaf—Wilfred Brightman, Geo. Fisher, Ivan Amey.

Wheat, Marquis, one quart—Cecil Turnham, Leslie Boston, Alfred Cochrane.

Wheat, "Marquis", sheaf—Cecil Turnham, Leslie Boston, Alfred Cochrane.

Corn, Golden Glow—Thelma Lemmon, Roy Powley, Jack Sharp, Marie Amey, Robert Clark.

Corn, Golden Bantam—Nola Lawlor, Russel Snider, Dora Lemmon, Glen Snider, Herbert Kellar, Teddy Valentine.

Irish Cobbler Potatoes—Gladys Williams, Geane Griffith, Donald Burt, Albert Kimmett, Durlin Kellar, Ford Valentine.

Dooley Potatoes—Glen Snider, Ivan Amey, Gordon Clark, Duncan Creighton, Leona Lemmon, McLaughlin.

Mangels—Lucille Babcock, W. Thurlow, Doris Turnham, Johnston Stuart, Hettie Snyder, Stewart Eaton.

Turnips—Amelia Parrott Helen Sager, Franklin Clark, Leona Atkinson, Arnold Selman, Cecil Turnham.

Beets—Hilda Montgomery, V. Reid, Ford Lawlor, Mary Fisher, George Hunters, Ray Buck.

Carrots—Arnold Haines, Orval Henderson, Margaret Boston, A. Chalmers, Mary Bower, Durlin Kellar.

Parsnips—Ivy McLaughlin, W. Baldwin, Ruby Thurlow.

Onion Sets—Jean Turnham, Gerald Montgomery, Vernon Montgomery, Marguerite Wood, Vivian Lucas, Verna Reid.

Asters—Irene Turnham, M. Lewis, Leona Hegadorn, Jack Sharp, Lawrence McLaughlin, Iva McLaughlin.

Sweet Peas—Bernice Reid, Lucille Babcock, Elizabeth Storey, Duncan Creighton.

Zinnia—Marguerite Wood, V. Montgomery, Mary Blower, Irene Reid, Marie Amey.

Verbenas—Vernon Denyes.

African Marigold—E. Withers, Lauraine Thompson, Geraldine Frink.

Calendula—Annie Weese, A. Parrott, Elsie Wallace, Cecil Turnham, Howard Henderson, Leslie Boston.

Salpiglossis — Pauline Frink, Warden Valentine.

French Marigold—Marguerite Hagadorn, Gladys Williams.

Coreopsis—Ivan Amey, Francis Ruttan, Hettie Snyder.

Pinks—Nelsn Thompson, Teddy Valentine, Marion Miller, Iva McLaughlin, Fern Hagerman.

Snow Apples—Vernon Reid, D. Frink, Irene Reid, Hettie Snyder, Herbert Weese, Pauline Frink.

Wealthy Apples—Annie Weese, Vernon Reid, Elsie Wallace, Herbert Weese, Mildred Whitmarsh, Dorothy Snider.

Collection of Apples—Duncan Creighton, Irene Reid, Cecil Frink, Vernon Reid, Dorothy Snider, Lillian Withers.

Spring Colt, heavy—Jack Chadwick, Gerald Lemmon, Cecil Turnham.

Calf, beef breed—Russel Snider

Calf, dairy breed — Walter Thurlow, James Thurlow, Roy Powley, Edward Walker, Kenneth Powley, Cecil Turnham.

Spring Lamb—George Hymers.

Barred Rock Cockerel—Arthur Chalmers, Elsie Boston, Edward Walker, Orval Morrow, Earve Sharp, Leigh Thompson.

Barred Rock Pullet—Arthur Chalmers, Everett Withers, Leslie Boston, Edward Walker, Orval Morrow, Elsie Wallace.

Pen of Barred Rocks—Arthur Chalmers, Donald Ruttan, Elsie Wallace, Orval Morrow, Edward Walker, Herbert Weese.

Bird House—Jack Sharp, Cecil Turnham, Herbert Weese, Edward Walker.

Hammer Handle—Amelia Parrott, George Fisher, Herbert Weese, Ford Valentyne, Jack Sharp, Edward Walker.

Milk Stool—Mabel Sterling, H. Sharp, Cecil Frink, Edward Walker, Leslie Boston, Vernon Reid.

Rope Halter (adjustable)—H. Weese, Ford Lawlor, Walter Thurlow, Leslie Boston, Francis Lawlor.

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Elsie Boston, Mabel Sterling, Herbert Weese, Annie Weese Doris Turnham.

Wild Flowers, pressed, mounted and named—Annie Weese.

Collection of pressed grasses and clovers—Vernon Reid, E. Boston, Amelia Parrott, Orval Morrow, Agnes Thurlow.

Cuts of Live Stock—Leslie Boston, Vernon Reid, Amelia Parrott, Mabel Sterling, Teddy Valentyne, Roy Powley.

Six Snapshots, mounted—Agnes Thurlow, Herbert Weese, D. Creighton, Walter Thurlow, Annie Weese, Roy Powley.

Oatmeal Cookies—Mary Fisher, Annie Weese, Irene Baker, Mary Laidley.

Layer Cake, light—Elizabeth Storey, Dorothy Snider, Amelia Parrott, Leah Young, Mabel Sterling, Mary Fisher.

Apple Pie—Elizabeth Storey, Keitha Kellar, Irene Reid, May Brownson, Mabel Sterling, Lillian Walker.

Candy, maple cream—Elsie Boston, Ruby Grant, Iva McLaughlin, Agnes Thurlow, Elizabeth Storey, Fern Hagerman.

Dish Towel, hand hemmed—Margaret Boston, Ruth Boston, Florence Bertram, Irene Baker, Lucille Babcock, Mary Blower.

Guest Towel, hemstitched, with embroidered initial—Lauraine Amey, Elsie Boston, Annie Weese, Amelia Parrott.

Kitchen Apron—Marie Amey, Irene Reid, Elsie Wallace, Elizabeth Storey, Marjorie Baker, N. Lucas.

Darning on Stocking—Marie Amey, Leslie Boston, Elsie Boston, Annie Weese, Amelia Parrott, Marjorie Baker.

Wedding "The Dandelion"—I. Baker, Lucille Babcock, Stella Conway, Elizabeth Storey, Geraldine Frink, Arthur Chalmers.

Wedding "Helen in Arabia"—Thelma Griffith, Dorothy Snider, Durlin Kellar, Patricia McDonald, John Amey, Mildred Reid.

Writing "Bob White"—Pauline Frink, Marjorie Baker, Marie Amey, Stewart Stevens, David Stevens, Jack Fisher.

Writing, "My Native Land"—Mabel Sterling, Arnold Selman, Marion Storey, Marion Lambert, Lella Hughes, Ethel Kular.

Crayon Drawing of a flower—Ruth Babcock, Dorothy Asselstine Lucille Babcock, Florence Poste, Margaret Boston, Nola Lawlor.

Crayon Drawing, Autumn Scene —Irene Burt, Hazel Pennell, L. Griffith, Lawrence McLaughlin, Hettie Snyder, Leona Lemmon.

Poster advertising School Fair —Arnold Haines, Marie Amey, Frances McDonald, Elsie Boston, Vernon Reid, Leslie Boston.

Collection of three art specimens—Arnold Selman, Elsie Boston, Irene Reid, Leslie Boston, Frances McDonald, Cecil Turnham.

Public Speaking Contest—Nelson Thompson, Elsie Boston, F. McDonald, Leslie Boston, David Weese.

Solo, by one pupil from each school—Marie Amey, Jean Wemp, Irene Burt, Hazel Pennell, Jack Sharp, Amos Chadwick, Leslie Boston, Jack Chadwick.

Stock Judging Contest—Oakley Griffith, Roy Powley, Marie Amey, Howard Henderson, Nathella Lemmon, Leslie Boston.

School Parade—1, S. S. No. 19; 2, S. S. No. 18; 3, S. S. No. 10.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOR.

S. S. No. 4—Mabel Sterling.
S. S. No. 5—Elsie Boston.
S. S. No 6—Marguerite Wood.
S. S. No. 7—Marie Amey.
S. S. No 8—Iva McLaughlin
S. S. No 10—Annie Weese.
S. S. No. 11—George Fisher.
S. S. No. 12—Vernon Reid, Amelia Parrott
S. S. No. 13—Cecil Turnham.
S. S. No. 16—Jack Sharp
S. S. No 18—Dorothy Snider.
S. S. No. 19—Arthur Chalmers

—o—

A WELL KNOWN GAME.

The inspector was testing the general knowledge of the junior class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, he said sharply, "What's that?"

Instantly a voice came from the back row: "Tails, sir."

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

His Courtship

(Continued from page 5)

"What did Mr. Morningstar do about it when Eunice refused to obey him?" inquired Kinross, with interest.

"Well, I never seen pop more surprised. He jawed her and he argued her till he didn't know what to say to her no more. But she just kep' her stubborn head and sayed she wouldn't do it to take the frock. Then pop tole her she needn't wear it herself—she could give it to Ollie after the brothers had went home a'ready. Well, then, Eunice sayed, if Ollie wanted to wear it she'd have to ast fur it herself. Pop explained her that it was some different, too, agin, fur Ollie to ast fur clo'es off of some one to what it was fur a 'dopted girl dependent on other folks."

Mrs. Morningstar as she talked stood with her back to the door which led into the summer kitchen and so occupied was she with her story that she did not hear Eunice's light step as she got down into the room bearing a pile of dishes that had just been washed. The clatter of the plates as they were placed in the closet made her turn with a little start.

Eunice also turned and stood with her back to the closet as she lifted her head and looked at her foster mother.

Kinross, his breakfast untouched, watched her with almost breathless interest. He seemed always to get a new impression of her face when her usually downcast eyes were raised and the soul that looked out of them was, as it were, unveiled. Those dark, luminous eyes suggested an intensity of life within of which the customary stillness of her bearing gave no hint.

She came forward and stood at the table. Her face was pale, and she spoke in a low, musical voice, with its little peculiar thrill, which Kinross was beginning to find singularly haunting.

"I overheard what you were saying to Dr. Kinross."

It was the first time she had spoken his name in the whole month of his stay at the farm, and it fell on his ears strangely.

"I have made up my mind that if you feel my support a burden to you and if I don't earn the food and clothes you give me I shall go away and earn my living elsewhere."

Mrs. Morningstar, unmindful of her boarder, stared for an instant dumfounded. "You'll go away!" she repeated, with a half gasp. "Where'd you go, say?"

"I don't know. But I will no longer accept charity—from you or any one. If you think you bestow charity upon me, I will go away."

"You've got the right to stay here and work to pay us fur all them back years we kep' you before you was old enough to work fur your livin'!" retorted Mrs. Morningstar angrily. "You'll have pop hear you speak about goin' away, and you'll see once!"

"Abe tells me that almost ever since you first took me I have really earned my living by the work I have done and that for a long time I have earned wages besides, which have not been paid me. So it would seem," she said, with a dreary little smile, "that you are recipients of charity from me."

"Abe tole you that there?" exclaimed the woman. "I don't believe it! Our Abe he ain't that dumm! Don't you darst to leave pop hear you say Abe spoke you such things! Do you hear?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, are you obeyin' to me?"

"I will not promise that."

"Eunice! How darst you say you won't to me? You never done it before. What's come over you?"

"Abe says," the girl repeated, "that you have no authority over me now that I am of age."

"And what, I'd like to know, makes Abe put such things as them in your head?" she desperately cried. "Well, pop'll soon 'end out—you'll see! Here!" she commanded. "Clear off them here things!"

Obediently Eunice turned to gather up a handful of dishes, with which after a moment she left the room. She had not once looked at Kinross.

"Now, you see," complained Mrs Morningstar, "how she tries to work Abe up till she gits him to talk things agin his own pop and mom to her! To think he'd say that us we owe her wages yet! Och, my souls!"

It was beyond expression, and she dropped it and began vigorously to scrape the plates that had been left after the breakfast of the young ladies.

As Kinross mechanically finished his own breakfast he was more than ever lost in wonder at the girl's infatuation for Abe Morningstar. It seemed inconsistent with everything else about her. It made him feel an unreasoning impatience with her and put a damper upon the sympathy he would otherwise have felt for her situation. He was possessed, however, with a strong curiosity concerning her, and during the rest of the day he was on the lookout for an opportunity to talk with her alone. He realized with a grim sense of the humor of it that it was the first time in his life he had ever voluntarily sought to talk with a girl.

He found himself astonished and annoyed as the hours went by to realize the difficulty, the well nigh impossibility, of finding the opportunity he sought. The girl herself added to the difficulty with her shy reserve and a certain dignity about her which made him feel almost guilty of an impertinence in seeking her confidence.

So intent was he upon securing the chance he desired that he carelessly let himself be discovered by Georgiana and Daisy loafing on the kitchen porch in the middle of the afternoon when they would naturally expect him to be in the fields with his employer.

"Have you a headache again this afternoon?" Daisy curiously inquired as the two girls, looking warm and tired from a long walk, sank upon the porch steps where he sat.

"Yes, I have it in my head somepin wonderful," he readily lied.

"I am surprised," declared Daisy, "that Mr. Morningstar would employ such an invalid as you are. Peter—as much on the make as he is."

"If farmhands wasn't so scarce to get," Peter answered, recklessly impugning Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, "he wouldn't keep me."

Mrs. Morningstar, who had stepped out to the porch bench to "pick over" a pan of gooseberries, just in time to hear this remark of Peter's, bent back her head and gave forth a loud laugh. "You bet he wouldn't!" she cried.

"Well, since you aren't working," Daisy suggested, "you can put in your time forgetting your headache by amusing me. Can you play checkers?"

"I don't play nothin' but hymn tunes."

"Oh, my gracious!" groaned Daisy. "Well, it isn't any of my business to butt in, but I should think," she observed reprovingly, "that you would at least make good your last time, Pete, by helping Mrs. Morningstar to pick those berries. But I suppose," she added, taking on her air of acquiring useful information, "that to desire a woman would not fall in with your ideas of usefulness, would it? The Germans are rural Republicans are just like the Germans of the fatherland in that respect at least—their lack of gallantry to women. I was in Germany three days last summer, and in all that time I never once saw a man chivalrously help a woman. And about here!" She rolled up her eyes expressively.

"Now," protested Pete, "I seen a native help a woman with a basket this mornin'."

"You must have been mistaken, Peter," Daisy said incredulously.

"No, I ain't neither. I seen him when he done it."

"Was he a Pennsylvania German?" she asked skeptically.

"Dutch as snitz."

"I'd like to make a note of it," she said, gathering up her pencil and book. "Tell me, Peter, what were the circumstances and how did he help her?"

"She was his wife, and he helped her fasten a basket on her back to carry into the village."

Daisy dropped her notebook and looked at Peter severely, while Georgiana gazed at him pensively.

"I am disappointed in you, Peter," Daisy said reproachfully. "Miss Belle and I both suspected that you had fine though undeveloped perceptions or intuitions, which, with a little encouragement, might reveal you to yourself."

She turned her back on him in disdain and began to help Mrs. Morningstar with her berries. "You're not worth while, Peter," she cast at him over her shoulder. "A man with such views is capable of other underhand dealings."

Georgiana sighed. "If my faith in human nature were not very large I should believe that the days of the age of gallant chivalry to a born Pennsylvania German was almost a psychic impossibility. Frankly, Peter, isn't it?"

"It may be that kind of an impossibility," answered Peter in a tone of reluctance to commit himself, "since you say so. I ain't denyin' no such statements."

"But, Peter, I had hopes of you that day you so nicely picked up my hatpin for me," said Georgiana in her pat-on-the-head tone of voice.

"Done it to see how the pin was made, that you would stick it through your skull and not kill yourself," he said, disclaiming any gallantry in the act.

Both the girls regarded him dubiously, but the stolidity of his face was impenetrable.

"Pete," said Daisy frankly, "sometimes I have a suspicion that you're foxy and are jollying us. Say, what daddy big secrets these are!" she exclaimed, with characteristic irrelevance, eating more than she picked, to Mrs. Morningstar's evident discomfort.

"Daisy," said Georgiana in a tone that dropped Peter and Mrs. Morningstar out of the conversation, "did you get any news in your letter from Belle?"

"News! Well, I should say! Don't you think—the Civic club in its prospectus for next winter's work has gone and put me—me—down for a paper!" Consternation was in the face and voice. Georgiana smiled.

"About what?"

"A theme on which I can't possibly ask uncle to write the paper for me, you bet! What effect has the Morals of the Community of the Autumn Displays of Underwear in the Department Store Windows, Especially the Figures of Women in Nightgowns, and the Advisability of the Civic Club's Requesting the Removal of Such Demoralizing Displays.' That's my subject."

"If they look at the matter from a higher plane," said Georgiana, "they would see that it is their own minds that need to be regenerated rather than the shop windows."

"Let me take that down!" cried Daisy, "that shall be the opening sentence. I shall also suggest," she went on as she wrote, "as a preventive (or preventative, which is it?) of so many unhappy marriages, that in place of the exhibit of women in nightgowns they display a windowful of men in their pajamas. The preachers wouldn't have any jobs then!"

"You would better let me edit your paper before you stand up and read it to the club," Georgiana advised. "Does Belle write anything else?"

"Every one is out of town, she says, and there's nothing to write about; she says she can hardly wait until you come back and meet that new professor of psychology. Oh," exclaimed Daisy, with a little squeal of delight, "won't it be killing!"

Georgiana tried to look dignified, but only succeeded in looking interested and rather pleased.

"Isn't it perfectly killing, Georgie, the way every one seems to have settled things between you and that psychology man?"

Kinross leaned his back against a pillar of the porch and gave himself up to enjoying himself.

The young ladies meantime supposed their very language to be as incomprehensible to the farmer's wife and Pete as though they were in a foreign tongue.

"Do you know," said Georgiana, her countenance softening with her pleasing reflections, "that even father has caught the infection of Dr. Kinross'—well, popularity, I dislike the word. You know he is not apt to notice such things, but he remarked to me several times that he had never seen a young man so turn the heads of all the women—even the married women!"

"But, Georgiana," complained Daisy, "then I shall hate him, I know. I always do hate a man I'm expected to like and approve of. And a fellow who makes all the girls hysterical about him—oh, I know I'll scrap with him!"

"He won't be apt to give you a chance if all they say of him is true," smiled Georgiana.

"I shall force him to see that I despise him!"

Georgiana laughed, then added: "Father himself told me that if he did not know Dr. Kinross he would think he must be a woman, the way the girls and women make themselves silly about him. But she queer thing about it, father says, is that Dr. Kinross doesn't reciprocate their attentions at all and is rather a cynic—indifferent to women—indeed, rather afraid of them!"

"What a chump!" cried Daisy contemptuously. "That's worse yet. No, Georgie, I refuse to like that man. And if you don't flit him I shall!"

"Flit him? I trust my relations with him will be on a plane too high to admit of the possibility of any such vulgarity as jilting! A girl always knows it when a man is going to propose to her and—"

"Oh, no, she doesn't, Georgiana. I have often thought a man was going to propose to me—and he didn't."

"Father told me," continued Georgiana, scarcely heeding Daisy's flighty interpolations, "that it was a comfort to know that I was not capable of the weakness of such infatuation and that my self poise would always save me from making that kind of a fool of myself."

"Well, I should think so!" exclaimed Daisy warmly. "Oh, won't he have to go way back and sit down when he fails in love with you! I can hardly wait until I see it!"

"Wouldn't it be—eh—well, amusing," Georgiana granted, clasping her shapely hands about her knees and looking dreamy, "if after his adamantine front to all the other girls he should thaw to me?"

("Very amusing, indeed," thought Kinross.)

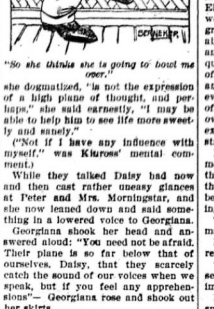
"Which of course he will," affirmed Daisy dogmatically, "for you're not like the other girls—you're on a higher plane."

"And so is he," said Georgiana loudly, accepting Daisy's tribute complacently.

"Perhaps," Daisy reluctantly conceded, "but he must be perfectly horrid—a conceited prig—with all the girls flattering him so idiotically."

"We shall cure him of that," Georgiana smiled, her tongue suggesting a proprietorship which Kinross couldn't help thinking a little gratuitous.

"Father considers him able," Georgiana went on. "But," she added, "I have heard him say of him that he had 'a sarcastic tongue.' Now, sarcasm,



"So she thinks she is going to bowl me over."

she dogmatized, 'is not the expression of a high plane of thought, and perhaps,' she said earnestly, "I may be able to help him to see life more sweetly and surely."

("Not if I have any influence with myself," was Kinross' mental comment.)

While they talked Daisy had now and then cast rather uneasy glances at Peter and Mrs. Morningstar, and she now leaned down and said something in a lowered voice to Georgiana.

Georgiana shook her head and answered aloud: "You need not be afraid. Their plane is so far below that of ourselves, Daisy, that they scarcely catch the sound of our voices when we speak, but if you feel any apprehensions—" Georgiana rose and shook out her skirts.

Daisy dropped her handful of gooseberries into Mrs. Morningstar's pan, and the two girls strolled away.

Kinross' eyes followed them thoughtfully, with a sense of pleasure in the symmetry of Miss Ellery's shapely shoulders, straight back and long, graceful movement.

"So she thinks she's going to bowl me over just as soon as I come within her range," he mused. "What will be the effect on her, I wonder, when she discovers she's been discussing me like that in my own presence? Their plane is so far below that of ourselves, Daisy, that they scarcely catch the sound of our voices when we speak.'"

A short laugh escaped him, which roused Mrs. Morningstar to speech.

"I make no doubt, Doc," she said, working busily while she talked, "that you kin understand them girls when they speak all them high words to each other. Ain't? It beats me what they're conversin' about together. Still when they speak so educated that way —just like readin' out of the newspaper or whatever."

"I think they don't always understand themselves, Mrs. Morningstar."

"Now, think! Poll parrots, too, they don't know what they're sayin' neither. And educated people's the same," she repeated in surprise.

Kinross at this moment caught a glimpse through the window of Eunice alone in the kitchen.

"Here's my chance," he thought, rising from the porch steps.

"Say, Doc," Mrs. Morningstar stopped him, "them girls ever finds out the joke you're playin' on 'em, pretendin' to be common like us when you're as tony as theirselves, I make no doubt they won't like it, Doc."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Morningstar. They won't like it."

"Supposin' they meet you in town there some time in your dude clo'es?" she said apprehensively. "I'm sure, there's so many that lives in town it ain't likely you will run across each other."

"It's not merely likely, Mrs. Morningstar. They simply can't escape me."

"And she cried. "Well, I guess you'll feel pretty cheap!"

"It is they who will feel inexpensive, Mrs. Morningstar. They'll be ready to sell themselves for half price on the bargain counter!"

He left her to puzzle over the problem as he turned away and went into the kitchen.

But the moment's delay had lost him his chance. Eunice had left the room by one door just as he was entering by the other.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the evening of that same day Kinross, sitting on the grassy terrace by the front gate contemplating the dusty highway, was still puzzling over the problem of Eunice.

"Were she the Sleeping Beauty in the enchanted castle she couldn't be more inaccessible," was the conclusion to which he had come as, after seeing the whole family including Eunice upstairs for the night, he had necessarily postponed his quest to the morrow.

"It looks as though I should be driven to communicate with her by correspondence even while here under the same roof with her!"

He was fairly wearied out with his speculations about her. For the first time he now found his dignity irksome, so much would he have liked freely to discuss the case with Miss Ellery. Surely that philosophical young woman was not so abnormally self-engrossed as to be utterly indifferent about Eunice. Perhaps if he gave her and Daisy an opportunity they would question him about the girl, thinking, of course, that he had known her long and intimately. He felt that for once even under the hampering condition of his assumed character, to talk her over with some one. How had her extraordinary talk of the night before struck Miss Ellery away?

He had reached this point in his meditations when he was roused by the sound of a step behind him. All the family had gone to bed, so it must be the young ladies. They were coming to join him on the terrace.

"A mere farmhand is, after all, a man," he shrugged.

During this evening he felt an unusual readiness to welcome their society.

"If I can't investigate Eunice myself, at least I can now get at the impression she has made on others."

He tossed away the cigar he was smoking. It was one of the small smoked by Miss Ellery's father and quite too choice to be found in the possession of a farmhand. He hoped she wouldn't notice the aroma.

He turned around and looked up.

There before him, slim and pale in the starlight, stood Eunice, in the unexpectedness of her appearing suggesting to his morbid fancy a vision of a Fra Angelico angel.

His astonishment left no room even for a passing regret for the excellent cigar so unnecessarily sacrificed.

There was a dignified reticence and dignity in her manner that brought him to his feet with an instinctive chivalry.

"Will you sit down with me?" he asked in a tone of uncertainty, for he could not guess just why she had come. She had always appeared to shun and even to be afraid of him. There was just how a pained sensitiveness in her fine face that revealed the struggle she was having with herself in approaching him like this.

"But you would rather not be intruded upon—even by me?" she asked wistfully, her voice low and trembling. "I mean," she hastily explained, "I don't count, of course, but perhaps you would rather be entirely alone?"

She had spoken so unhesitatingly last night to Miss Ellery. Why should she falter like this, in such agony of embarrassment, when speaking to him? True, she had talked to Georgiana under stress of a sudden strong impulse—she had been caught unawares, as it were—that had been manifest enough.

Still, in spite of his own lifelong battle with shyness, he couldn't quite understand why any girl under the sun should be bashful with him. Certainly his experience with bashful girls had been limited—or, rather, nil.

"Ever since last night," he said to her, "I have been looking for an opportunity to talk with you."

He saw the color flood her cheeks and her bosom rise and fall in a long, deep breath.

"You have wanted to talk with me?" she breathed.

"It's the only thing I have wanted ever since last night."

"Since last night?"

"Yes, since last night—naturally."

"Is it," she asked, "that you are concerned in this controversy about Miss Ellery's frock?"

"No"—he repressed a smile—"it is not about Miss Ellery's frock I wanted to talk to you."

It was evident that the episode of the frock had been, to her mind, the only notable one of the previous evening.

"Let us sit down," he repeated.

Her face lighted up as she obeyed him with a brightness that transformed it. He marveled why she should in one moment appear a beautiful falter in painful shyness and the next be radiant with pleasure. To him the reason for the transformation was not apparent.

"What made you say you don't count?" he began as he seated himself beside her.

"You said so—that evening—by the fence."

"When I said you didn't annoy me? But I didn't mean that!"

"What did you mean then?" The question seemed to spring from her without her volition.

What had he meant, indeed?

"I suppose," he speculated, "I meant that you interest me too much to annoy me."

"And the young ladies—you avoid them because they don't interest you?"

Was there a note of eagerness in her wistful voice? And to think that she should wonder to him of women?

If he could make her feel more at ease with him, perhaps he could get her to talk to him of herself. His pulse bounded with pleasure in anticipation of the quest of her secret, and he felt a thrill of satisfaction in his present isolation with her.

"I can't say they don't interest me. Everybody interests me, even Ollie, even Abe."

He looked at her narrowly as he spoke her lover's name with this intimation of his insignificance. He could not see whether or not it disturbed her.

"But," he went on, "there are degrees of interest. None of them have a mystery about them."

Her face as she listened to him expressed anxious attention, like one who tries to follow a foreign tongue, and she seemed to weigh for a moment all that he said before she answered.

"But neither have I a mystery about me," she replied wonderingly. "A mystery?".

"Haven't you?" he questioned gravely in the tone of one reproving a child for telling a fib.

"Indeed, no." She shook her head in denial of such an accusation. "I haven't."

"No? I'm surprised to hear it, for, do you know, you seem to me the most mysterious young person I ever met!"

"I do," she marveled. "But why?" In her astonishment she was forgetting her shyness. "Daisy," she attempted to explain it, "you find me mysterious because I am so simple. If all the young ladies you know are complex like Miss Ellery"—

"Heaven forbid!"

"Don't you like her?" she asked again with that note of wistfulness which this time included an accent of pity for Miss Ellery.

"I love her!" he declared with a whimsical exaggeration that he hoped would dispose of Miss Ellery finally. "That's why I wouldn't have all the young ladies I know made after her pattern, you see."

She started at his words, and suddenly the radiance seemed to die out of her face, leaving it mournful.

"You—you love her!" she said falteringly.

"Of course I love her! The difference between, you and Miss Ellery," he went on, following the idea in his own mind and not seeing in the dimness the pallid hopelessness that had come to her face, "is that Miss Ellery thinks she's complex, but isn't, and you think you're simple, but aren't. And the most mysterious thing about you is that you hadn't noticed it yourself—that you were mysterious, I mean. I don't see how it escaped you."

She did not answer him.

"For instance, why are you so different from Ollie when you two have had the same rearing?"

She swallowed hard and seemed to make an effort to speak to him.

"Is that a mystery?" she said. "But it is easily explained. We are not of the same parentage."

"Do you know anything of your own parents?"

There was a scarcely perceptible hesitation before she answered.

"No." Her voice sounded remote, as though she shrank from his questioning.

"That in itself is strange, isn't it?" he ventured, hesitating to force his investigations against her evident reluctance, lest his own curiosity getting the better of his finer feeling.

"I suppose it is," she answered, her voice subdued, her eyes downcast.

"Do Mr. and Mrs. Morningstar know nothing about your parents?"

"I don't know."

"But have you never asked them?"

"I have never discussed it with them."

His questions agitated her, he saw, and he didn't believe she was being candid with him, so he reluctantly dropped them. He remained silent to give her a chance to tell him why she sought him here at an hour when all the rest of the family were abed.

"I want to ask you," she began timidly, "to tell me something if you are quite willing to spare your time to me."

The occasional unusualness of her mode of expression struck me as touching of foreignness. Here was another phase of the mystery of her.

"I couldn't make better use of my time," he answered. "Ask me anything you like, child."

The kindness of his tone as he called her "child" made her eyes grow suddenly misty, so novel it was to hear herself spoken to as though she were not a chattel or a slave. Her voice as she answered him was very low and sweet.

"I am anxious to have you tell me whether a girl like me could find a place out in the world where she could earn her own living."

It was to ask him this that she had come to him tonight. But would it not have been a more natural thing for her to have gone to Georgiana or Daisy with such an inquiry? He wondered why she had chosen to ask him his preference for them.

"It depends upon the sort of place you would want. Some sorts of work are easy to secure. Others are not. What kind of work do you mean?"

"That's what I hoped you could tell me—the sort of work there is in town whereby a girl like me could earn her living."

"Domestic service?" he hesitatingly suggested. But somehow in spite of her servitude to the farmer's family this struck him as utterly incongruous. "Places for domestic service can be secured easily enough on your own terms. But if you are thinking of some other sort of occupation"—

He paused questioningly, but she said nothing. Only her repressed eagerness urged him on.

"I should have to know more about you before I could judge of your chances."

Again he paused, but she remained silent.

"If you will tell me something of yourself," he suggested.

She looked surprised. "But there is nothing to tell of me more than what you yourself have seen."

He looked at her with searching eyes. "Isn't there?"

"No," she answered with a frankness that ought to have carried conviction.

"Could you do any other sort of work than what I have seen you do—sewing and housework?"

"I don't know. What other things are done by women?"

"Well, there are shopgirls, stenographers, milliners, bookkeepers, teachers"—He turned and again looked at her keenly. "Would you like to teach?" he asked abruptly.

"But I haven't an education."

"Just how much schooling have you had?"

"I was taken out of school when I was twelve years old."

"And have had no instruction of any sort since then?"

"No."

"And never have been off the farm?"

"Never except the few times that I have been in town to the market for a half day."

"Then, Eunice," he inquired with impressive earnestness, "may I ask how you happen to speak a language so unlike that of the Morningstars?"

He watched her closely as he put the question. Her face, so near to him, gleamed like ivory in the starlight, and he could plainly see her countenance. His question brought a startled look to her eyes, and again he saw her bosom rise in a long, deep breath. She did not attempt to answer him.

"Well?" He pressed his inquiry with a tense interest.

"I—I didn't realize that it was noticeable—my not speaking as the rest speak," she faltered.

"And how does it come that you don't speak as the rest speak?"

"I—never thought about it. I have no desire to speak like the—differently from the rest of the family, it has been unconsciously."

"Ah?" he commented thoughtfully. "Remarkable! Remarkable—that you should make use of a vocabulary that you have never heard spoken. How you, possibly, come unconsciously to a speaking acquaintance also with French and German?"

"I should think that must be an impossibility—to come unconsciously to a knowledge of a foreign tongue," she answered seriously, evidently unused at least to the language of sarcasm.

"I am more than what you would have me believe—that with no schooling after your twelfth year and with no environment or association except that of this farmer's family you should speak, write, read further, be acquainted with scores of the English language which would be as foreign to the rest of this household as Italian or Spanish. Yet, then, how do you account for it?"

The little pucker in her brow indicated to him how his inquisitiveness troubled her. She turned to him with anxious appeal in her eyes. "Is it necessary that I account for it—before you can advise me?"

"Yes, it is," he stubbornly persisted. "The more I know about you the better I can help you."

She dropped her eyes and did not at once answer. But presently, with evident great reluctance, she spoke. "If a talk in a more educated way than the rest of the family it is only because I have read a few books that came in my way."

I should think very few books indeed would come in your way on this farm?" he said pointedly. "I have never seen you so much as look at my books when they have been lying about. What books ever come in your way? Mrs. Morningstar says this is the first summer she has taken boarders since she gave up keeping a hotel twenty-one years ago. And when, in God's name, do you get time to read, when even a chance newspaper has to be read surreptitiously between trips to the spring house for food? Look here; I heard you say last night that old Morningstar wouldn't let you read anything but the Bible on Sunday and that that day was the only time you had to read at all, and you declined Miss Ellery's offer of books."

The troubled pucker in her brow deepened, her chin quivered, and he had the alarm of thinking she was going to cry when to his astonishment a little ripple of laughter broke from her. He had never seen her smile, and he would as soon have looked for a laugh from a Mater Dolorosa. He was sure that Balaam was not more dumfounded when his ass waxed conversational than he was to hear this girl laugh. Somehow the bare idea of laughter was eliminated from the impression one gathered of her from day to day. But then no two things about her did fit together.

"I suppose there is a joke somewhere in this mixup," he said thoughtfully, "but it's cryptic to me."

"Now," he told himself, "if that word 'cryptic' isn't too much for her"—

"I should think your own joke wouldn't be cryptic to you."

"Eunice," he patiently argued, "put it to yourself. Would Ollie know what I was talking of if I spoke of it as a cryptic joke?" Yet I understand she had five more years of schooling than you had." He suddenly leaned toward her, a rare gentleness in his tone. "Come, trust me; explain yourself to me."

Again his tone of kindness flooded her face with color and light. He thought he read in her eyes an onward struggle between a longing to give him into her confidence and a fear of trusting him so far. That she had something to conceal seemed to him certain. The strangeness of it was emphasized by the fact that nothing could be more simple and open than the life of the Morningstar family.

"So this," she said softly, "is the mystery you find about me?"

"Well, isn't it a mystery?"

"The explanation is so very simple."

"I should like to hear it."

Again she dropped her eyes and hesitated.

"There is nothing to explain," she said at last, "further than what I have told you, Dr. Kinross. I have read a few books—which I have come by."

"Do you mind telling me how you came by them?"

"It was—it is—quite by accident."

Suddenly she made a movement to rise from the ground as though to flee from his further questioning. But he instantly checked her. The dismay he felt at the thought of her going away fairly startled him. He was astonished also to find that for the first time in his life he was talking to a young girl with an instinctive ease and naturalness. He could not stop now to analyze it.

To be Continued.

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OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street, Napanee

We Have the Best Grades of
RED AND WHITE CEDAR SHINGLES
Always in Stock
The Most Lasting Roof.
Robert Light
Lumber and Millwork
Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

DRAGGING-DOWN PAINS RELIEVED

Woman Suffered Nearly a Year, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Her Health

Moose Jaw, Sask.—"I am going to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very badly with dragging-down pains and inflammation. I felt sick all the time, which ran over my hip and down my whole side into my leg. I had it nearly a year when I went to a doctor and he said I would have to have an operation. But my mother said to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it saved her life years before. I took two bottles and I found I was better, so I kept on taking it and also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I have had two more children since then and am perfectly well. I used to have to lie down two or three times a day, and now I do all my housework without trouble. I always keep the Vegetable Compound in the house as I find a dose now and then helps me. I am willing for you to use this in any way you see fit and I will answer letters. If I can help any other woman I'd be only too glad to try."—Mrs. Herman Houghton, 414 Morse Square, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for all women.

For sale by druggists everywhere. C

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Put VULCAN ANTI-FREEZE ON GUARD

Every drop tested to give positive protection to your Radiator

HOW do you judge the efficiency and safety of Anti-Freeze? You can't tell by color, odor or price, and yet the protection of your power-plant in winter is of vital importance.

One way you can be sure.

You can put Vulcan Anti-Freeze into your radiator with positive assurance of protection—an unconditional guarantee of safety at all temperatures because—

Behind Vulcan Anti-Freeze is a company that has publicly staked its reputation on the safety of its products.

Let the chemical laboratories of this company assume the responsibility of keeping your engine running smoothly and safely —all winter.

Above All—We are for Safety!

Drive up wherever you see the British American Sign.

38

The BRITISH AMERICAN OIL CO. LIMITED
Refiners of Safety Motor Oils and Gasolenes.

Try the Sun Cure

When you find a sheltered spot on the sands, and expose yourself to the golden warmth of the summer sun, health flows into your veins, and peace into your work-weary mind. So you murmur to yourself: "Ah, this glorious warmth is making me whole!"

There you make your first mistake. The warmth of the sun has something, but not much, to do with the sun cure, says a writer in Answers. That unseen miracle-worker which brings you renewed health and vigor, the ultra-violet ray, gives very little heat.

There are some poisons that, taken in the right quantity, restore to health. But they are still poisons, and you mustn't take liberties with them. So it is with the ultra-violet light. Gaze at the summer sun and its rays will blind you. Lie exposed to the sun long enough and, after tanning, you will develop ulceration.

The sun cure, then, is a matter of carefully gauging the correct dose of sunlight.

For the greater part of the year your body is imprisoned under clothing which shuts out all light. When you strip and expose yourself to the sunlight you are taking a famished blood stream to the meal it has been craving for all the winter.

Taking the sun cure is simply allowing your blood to drink the light. As the rays fall upon your body's white surface the tissues beneath the skin, and in the skin, become gorged with blood which has come, like a fish, to the surface to feed. And it feeds on the ultra-violet ray.

It is this rush of blood to the body's surface that results in the first pinkness that follows exposure. What causes tan?

Directly the dose of light becomes excessive the unseen forces of the body start throwing up defences to protect the blood stream. Their "barricade" takes the form of minute particles of colored matter, which act as armorplate against the ultra-violet light. It is the familiar tan of summer-time.

To get the best out of the ultra-violet ray, and avoid possible ill-effects, start your holiday sun cure by doing nothing beyond bathing in the usual way for a few days, wearing an ordinary costume. The material of the costume—unless it is artificial silk—will mask the ultra-violet light, and thus only legs and arms will receive the powerful stimulant from the sun.

Some people take great pride in exhibiting sun blisters. These are not heat blisters, as is generally supposed, but ultra-violet light burns. They do no good, and are very painful.

Another common mistake to be avoided is exposing the body too quickly to the direct glare of the sun. The sun cure must be taken gradually, if it is really to help you.

At Leysin, in the Rhone Valley, where Dr. Rollier has his famous school in the sun, the little patients are exposed very slowly to the direct rays. Feet only at first, then up to the knees, and thus upwards until the whole body is tanned. After that the children are hardy enough to play, unclothed, in the snow.

Sun bathing beaches have been established at all Swedish, Norwegian and German resorts.

Sir Herbert Barker pointed out the need of stretches of beach for sun-bathing purposes more than two years ago. He saw, in his work as a manipulative surgeon, the results of sun starvation in twisted and warped bones and general weakness and ill-health.

Sir Herbert went to Jamaica to experiment with the sun cure in that sun-drenched isle. As a result, he came to the conclusion that sun, and plenty of it, was the prime factor in building healthy bodies.

At Alton, Hampshire, Sir Henry Gauvain, the most distinguished exponent in England of the sun cure for rickets and similar diseases of darkness and malnutrition, is conducting the famous Treloar Home in the open air. There little sun-starved children work and play in the open air, clothed in nothing but loin-cloths. Their diseases vanish under this treatment and they become hardy and strong.

Go to Dr. Sun and try his prescription, says this writer. You can even try it in the seclusion of your own back garden with the aid of a simple and inexpensive canvas screen. Bear in mind the hints given here, and your reward will be increased vigor of body and a mind made bright and courageous to face the work of another year.

Preached 22,000 Sermons.

Who holds the world's sermon record? With the exception of John Wesley, no other British clergyman, it is claimed, has preached so many sermons as Canon Hay Aitken, the 86-year-old Vice-Dean of Norwich Cathedral. He has preached 22,000 sermons, which is 5,000 short of Wesley's record.

Color-Blind.

A peacock is unable to distinguish one color from another. It is said that birds which fly by day see everything a bright reddish orange. Night birds see blue and violet.

Save $150 Per Head.

The saving habit is strong in this country, where the deposits in banks work out at $150 per head of the total population of the Dominion.

"LIVING-OUT MAID."

Domestic Work Put on a Business Basis.

The "living out maid" who works on a business-like contract, pays 30 cents for her luncheon and is named Constance or Marjorie, is Boston's newest answer to the servant problem, says the Globe of that city.

Boston club women are working out a mistress-maid arrangement which places maids in the ranks of business women and mistresses are pledged to recognize certain rights in exchange for prescribed quantity of labor.

This plan, which is the outgrowth of eight years' experimentation by the home economics department of the National Civic Association, gives the modern servant a new place.

She lives at the Y.W.C.A., in a boarding-house or at home.

She goes to her "job" at a definite hour.

She has a half hour for luncheon. She brings her own lunch or must pay 30 cents if her employer furnishes it.

She receives a "salary" and not a "wage."

Her pay is 40 cents an hour.

At the end of the day she makes out a report, stating the time she arrived, the specific work she did and the time she left.

She is the modern business woman household assistant.

This is the place on which prominent Boston women have been slowly coaxing servants.

One of the principal aims of the organization has been to interest capable women in domestic service and to make the position of the household assistant as dignified as that of the stenographer, the nurse, the saleswoman or the factory worker.

The 1,500 to 1,800 calls handled by the bureau in the last year show that already women in other occupations are forsaking them for household work.

Records in the office of list typists, shopgirls and business women, besides a large class of younger married women who are now employed as maids under the new business-like plan.

At present an increasing number of girls from offices are turning to housework as a healthful change from office or factory monotony, the bureau reports. Some engaged girls wanting to get several months of practical experience have turned to "maiding."

Most Travelled Woman.

Mrs. William Reid, wife of Capt. Reid, head of the Belfast shipping firm, who died recently, claimed to be the most travelled woman in the world. She sailed 1,100,000 miles in "windjammers" with her husband and went round the world seventeen times, crossed the Equator 108 times, and rounded Cape Horn seventeen times.

Brothers Of the Air

Story of a Heroic Deed

By RALPH BERGENGREN
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

I.

The new biplane had only just left the field in an effort to climb higher into the almost cloudless sky than any aviator had yet ascended. Twice it had circled the aviation course, and each long spiral had carried it a peg upward. Already the determined, insistent br-r-r of the motor was softened by distance, and fieldglasses were necessary to assure oneself that the little black figure between the canvas parallelograms was actually a human being.

The last man who had touched the biplane—one of the mechanicians who had given the apparatus its final grooming—watched its flight grimly. His face was pale under its coat of tan, and his eyes glittered with some repressed excitement. Presently when somebody touched him lightly he started nervously and pulled himself together with an effort, but he seemed unable to fix his eyes on the tall young man in plaid knickerbockers who had thus startled him.

The young man, whose cap, worn backward after the fashion of aviators, seemed to add keenness to his long, smooth shaven face, kept his hand lightly on the other's shoulder. To the distant spectators they presented nothing more startling than the spectacle of a well known air man talking rather familiarly with an unknown mechanician. Many were watching them and pointing them out to new arrivals with the explanation:

"There's Harriman, you know, away over there across the field—the fellow who made that splendid flight yesterday in the Bleriot."

Harriman's grip tightened a little on the mechanician's shoulder.

"Did you tamper with Clinton's machine before the getaway?" he asked evenly.

His voice was low. It failed to reach the group of ten or a dozen other mechanicians gathered around his own machine at a little distance. The man in the blue overalls looked at him and then away again.

"What do you mean, Mr. Harriman?" he demanded sullenly.

"Don't lie!" said the other. "I've been watching you ever since he went up." He dropped his hand from the man's shoulder. "We're rivals in this business, and if anything happens to Clinton it's none of my funeral. But I'd like to know if anything is likely to happen—understand?

"If anything happens," he continued, "I may add that there'd be a hundred dollars coming to the man who had fixed it. But it wouldn't do for him to come to me with his story after he'd had a chance to make it fit the circumstances."

He turned on his heel and moved away, whistling. The mechanician hesitated. Then he took a long step after the other man.

"I'll tell you what will happen, Mr. Harriman," he said quickly. "He'll lose his control of the elevating plane. He gave me my walking papers this morning, but I guess he won't be looking very hard for a substitute. You watch him. When he's done about a dozen of them spirals—"

He got no further. Harriman, his face illuminated with angry determination, had turned and gripped him by the wrists.

"You low brute!" he exclaimed sharply, raising his voice.

The men puttering about the monoplane heard him. They turned quickly, saw the two men struggling together and came up running. The group surrounded the aviator and his captive like a living curtain.

"Take this man and give him to the police," said Harriman. "Pick him up as if he were injured. If he makes a fuss injure him. Two of you are enough. The rest of you get my machine in order. And you, Dick, chase across the field and tell the announcer I'm going up. Tell him," he called after the retreating figure, "that I'm going up after altitude!"

The men stared. They were used to quick action, but this happened a little quicker than usual. Only one of them caught the situation.

"You're going to catch Clinton?"

"If I can. He's up there with a tampered machine, which may fail any minute. He can't be signaled, and there's no use starting a panic in the grand stand."

II.

The distant crowd of spectators wondered as it saw two men with their hardeo emerge from the little group, while a third ran across the field toward the announcer, and the others swung the monoplane into line for a start. There was a moment's discussion; then the announcer raised his megaphone and bellowed to the four points of the compass:

"Mis-ter Tho-mas Har-ri-man going up in the Ble-i-ot. He—is—after—the—record—for—altitude!"

Harriman, firmly settled in his machine, raised his right hand. Behind him the mechanicians sprang away from the propellers. The propeller began its steady, insistent roar, and the monoplane careered madly across the elastic turf of the field.

Among the aviators and experts on the field the knowledge of Harriman's errand had spread from man to man. It had lapped over into the press box and sent an unaccustomed thrill of excitement along the reporters' table. Anxious eyes studied the biplane to see if there was yet any sign of defective machinery. Once the machine started as if to settle earthward; then it steadied, and those who knew drew a long breath and told one another that the swerve was due to some upper air current, for the biplane was again climbing.

Although the whiz of its propeller blades was clearly visible, like a little electric fan, the sound they made was now altogether inaudible. The roar of Harriman's motor meanwhile sounded like a continuous accent of haste and anxiety.

For the monoplane was now completing its first spiral, its motor running full speed and its occupant evidently bent on gaining every possible inch of elevation. Again and again the elevating plane lifted the insect-like body at a sudden, almost perpendicular, upward flight. There was danger in thus forcing the mechanism. Each time the aviator took the risk that the repeated stress would snap some connecting link between himself and his apparatus and send it crashing downward. But to the audience each of these splendid upward leaps seemed to be executed for its amusement, and it cheered them wildly. Here and there people argued about the probable altitude, but none denied that the monoplane was rising faster than the airship that had preceded it.

Under any circumstances Harriman's monoplane was a faster machine than Clinton's biplane. The biplane was built for stability, endurance and carrying power. The monoplane was constructed for speed first and other things afterwards.

Again and again it seemed as if Harriman lifted his machine upward by sheer force of will. As the faint buzz of the motor sounded once more directly above the grand stand it was evident that the dragon fly had cut one-third from the distance that separated it from the biplane. It was impossible to estimate its height above the ground, but each successive spiral, sometimes carrying the monoplane far out over the river, evidently brought the pursuer nearer the altitude of his quarry.

Fifteen minutes, twenty, twenty-five—almost half an hour had elapsed since the monoplane started. The two airships were now near together, and fieldglasses were necessary to follow their evolutions. The band had started another march, but no feet beat time to it. The field had altogether lost its customary air of bustle and preparation. The aviators had drawn together and were looking steadily upward. The mechanicians stood in idle groups watching the airships. The announcer had put down his megaphone.

Then the biplane began to drop. It fell slowly to the level of the monoplane, and for a long thirty seconds the two machines seemed to be coming down together.

One of the men at the edge of the field spoke into a telephone, and a moment later a motor driven ambulance came into view from behind the hospital tent. It stopped and waited. Inside a couple of white coated surgeons were arranging a stretcher. The chauffeur leaned forward, with his eye fixed on the biplane.

But the two airships were again mounting, now almost side by side. Even with the glasses it was impossible to tell what the men in them were doing. But the monoplane, putting on speed, headed in front of the slower craft and then turned and plunged suddenly downward.

III.

A quick indrawing of breath ran along the grand stand, a mighty sigh, as if all these thousands of people had responded to a given signal. The band stopped playing, one instrument after another involuntarily silenced by the general feeling of something imminent and terrible.

Up there in the sky Harriman seemed to be performing feats that were no longer amusing, but criminally reckless. It was one thing, people told one another, to see a man take risks, but they had not come there to see a man commit suicide. Three times in succession he drove his machine across the path of the biplane and then dived earthward at an angle that made it seem impossible that he would not be pitched bodily out. But the fourth time the other machine followed, and the two began circling back toward the earth.

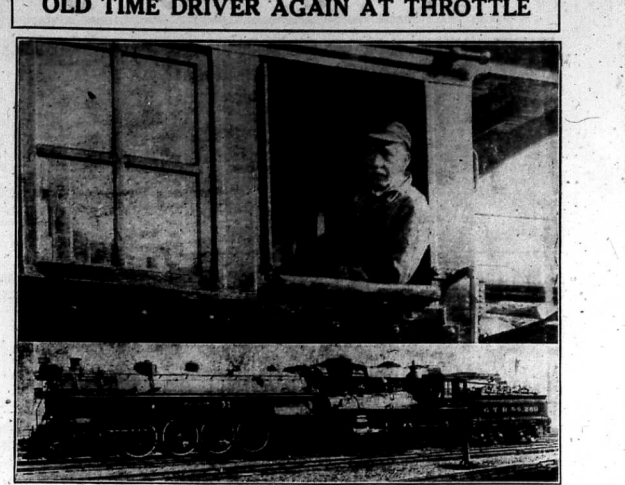
And now the race seemed to be reversed. The monoplane led, and the biplane followed. The long, graceful spirals brought them nearer and nearer to the landing place. The band, as if ashamed of its lapse from duty, played louder and fever.

The faint buzzing of the motors grew to a roar as the two airships circled the course not far above the heads of the spectators. Then it stopped abruptly as first one man and then the other shut off his power and swooped to the solid earth. Clinton climbed hastily out of his machine and approached the monoplane, taking off the pads that protected his ears from the noise of his motor and hearing for the first time the thunder of applause that had greeted his landing.

"Well, Harriman," he said, "I suppose this is what you were after with all that pantomime. But what the dickens were you trying to say to me?"

"You just look over that machine of yours inch by inch," replied Harriman, climbing stiffly out of his own airship, "and I don't think you'll need to ask questions. Overhaul your elevating plane in particular, Brent!" He clapped his arms to restore circulation. "It's a cold place up there without one's leather jacket!"

OLD TIME DRIVER AGAIN AT THROTTLE



When "The Confederation," the largest locomotive, not only in Canada, but in the British Empire, left the Canadian National Railways terminal at Toronto, to take part in the "Pageant of the Iron Horse," at Baltimore, Maryland, John Ryburn McIntyre, a pensioned engineer, who commenced his railway career 62 years ago, emerged from his retirement to take the throttle of "The Trevithick," the oldest wood burner in the Dominion, which was also brought from honorable retirement for the event. Together the two "pensioners" escorted "The Confederation" out of the yards to take the trains for its trip to the big pageant which is intended to depict the evolution of rail transportation.

"The first locomotives I fired weighed 22½ tons," Mr. McIntyre remarked, as he looked over the old timer and compared it with the modern Canadian product, "and when I retired on pension the Grand Trunk system was putting in service locomotives weighing 227½ tons." By comparison, "The Confederation" type weighs 329 tons. Again, Mr. McIntyre noted that when he commenced his railroad career some of the freight cars had a capacity of eight tons. To-day many of the cars in service have a capacity of 40 tons.

Mr. McIntyre was born in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1852. The family, like many other Scottish families, was attracted to Canada to share in the railway building of that period, and in December, 1863, at the age of 13 years, Mr. McIntyre began service with the Grand Trunk as a cleaner at Sarnia, continuing, except for a short interval, until he retired at the age of 65 years. Mr. McIntyre became fireman and then driver and saw some service with the militia during the second Fenian Raid.—Canadian National Railways Photographs.

ARE POTATOES POISONOUS?

Head of the Family Is the Deadly Nightshade.

It seems strange that the potato should be a prominent member of a family of poisonous plants. The heads of the family is the deadly nightshade, a bearer of cherry-like berries which for generations have been the bane of mothers, for children will innocently gather and eat them.

The first Europeans in America found a number of plants which were promptly and properly classified as nightshades. One of these was tobacco. The formation of its leaves, flowers, and seeds set it down as a nightshade. The poison was found by the Indians to produce certain narcotic effects, and the practice of smoking grew out of these qualities.

Then there was the tomato, known as the love apple and long believed to be poisonous. It was cultivated as an ornamental plant, but was not eaten to any considerable extent until the last century, says Bit-Bits. The pepper, the eggplant, and the jimson weed are all nightshades. But the potato is the greatest of this poisonous plant family.

The native home of the plant was in the mountainous regions of the Andes. When the Spaniards first went to Peru they found natives cultivating the plant for its tubers, which formed their staple food. The potato was introduced to Europe by the Spaniards, and later Sir Walter Raleigh planted them on his estate near Cork.

At Sir Walter's request, Queen Elizabeth had potatoes served at Court. But the nightshade prejudice against them was such that organized resistance developed. In fact, the reason why potatoes are sometimes called "Irish" is said to have originated from the initials of a Society to Prevent Unwholesome Diet.

A Five-Ton Painting.

A painting weighing five tons, supposed to be the biggest picture ever shipped to America, taxed the ingenuity of the mechanics and engineers responsible for its safe transport.

The painting, 400 feet long and 50 feet high, is a panorama history of the war, and contains 6,000 portraits.

Every day during the war two French artists, with eighteen helpers, worked on the canvas, recording each event as it occurred. Its value is incalculable, and until recently it occupied an entire building in Paris.

Paid Taxes With Salt.

Blocks of salt were once used by the Chinese for paying taxes.

Here and There

The late John Oliver, who came from England and commenced his Canadian career as a farm worker and later rose to be premier of British Columbia, left an estate valued at $75,913.

The idea that the Scot will not spend money was dispelled this month so far as travel is concerned by the thousands of clansmen who came a hundred miles or more by train or motor to attend the Highland Gathering at Banff, Alberta, held in September.

A shipment of antelope from Canada to the United States is shortly to be made. Charles Blazer, rancher, at Lake Newell, who has for years interested himself in the preservation of these animals, has contracted to deliver twenty-two head to a Texas banker.

It has been announced that the representatives of the Cuban potato buyers have agreed to take nine hundred thousand bushels of New Brunswick potatoes this season. Negotiations are at present under way with the Cuban buyers for the sale of the Nova Scotia potato crop.

Increasing interest has been shown in the organization of boys' and girls' swine clubs throughout the province of Alberta and new clubs have been formed, among other places, at Pincher Creek, Macleod and Raymond. To the winning team in Alberta the Canadian Pacific Railway awards a trip to the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto.

The 4,000 sportsmen who made returns to the Saskatchewan provincial gamekeepers department last year secured a total bag of 100,000 duck, 26,000 prairie chickens, 6,000 ruffed grouse, and 3,200 geese. In order to obtain some idea of the approximate bag of all hunters it is to be assumed that 12,000 who did not make returns secured the same average bags.

An unfailing indication of farm prosperity is the increasing sale of agricultural implements reported by nearly all dealers in the west this year. The demand for haying machinery has been especially heavy, while the sale of threshers, binders, combines and tractors has been exceptionally large, some firms reporting from 100 to 200 per cent. increases in the sales of these implements.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway train bearing 125 delegates to the Canadian Chamber of Commerce convention arrived at Craigellachie, B.C., recently, President S. B. Gundy requested that a brief stop be made during which the delegates paid tribute on the spot where the last spike of the Canadian Pacific transcontinental line was driven linking for the first time the East to the West. Mr. Gundy spoke briefly of the courage and vision of the builders of the railroad.

Alberta's potential coal wealth is greater than all the known coal deposits in the rest of the British Empire put together, according to Sir Thomas Holland, chairman of the Empire Mining and Metallurgical Council, recently at Calgary. "If the present endeavors to change coal into a fluid fuel, capable of displacing petroleum and all its products, are successful, Canada will take the place of the United States as the world's provider of liquid fuel," he further stated.

A real friend is for you, not on account of your virtues, but because you have faults and are just like other humans.

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Tempting Buying "Tips" for October Buyers

FEATHERWEIGHT WOOL DRESSES FOR WEARING ON THESE DELIGHTFUL INDIAN SUMMER DAYS

The season of golden days is here—the out-of-doors irresistibly beckons with its galaxy of Autumn sports—the smart sportswoman must turn to a new wardrobe.

The one and two-piece Jersey dress, newest of the season's models, should find its place in every woman's wardrobe. Then we are displaying handsome and individual models in Wool Crepes, Fine Twills, Charmeens—in styles expressly created for street or travel wear.

Models in Jersey from 5.95 to $20.00.
Models in Wool Crepes from $10.95 to $29.50.
Models in Twills from $5.95 to $35.00.
Sizes to fit every figure.

A NEW COAT SERVICE—A NEW SIZE RANGE FOR WOMEN AND MISSES WHO ARE SLENDER

"Roses of Youth" for women who have not retained the slender lines of girlhood. For Misses, whose figures are developed beyond the average for their years. These are not just youthful fashions considered most suitable for the larger figure, but the very styles created for and worn by smart young fashionables. Youth translated by the genius of special designers and manufacturers.

In these special ranges of Coats you will find all that's new in silhouette, materials, fur trimmings and colorings. Priced from $29.50 to $44.50.

We invite your inspection.

ANOTHER GREAT COAT "SENSATION" FOR FALL NEW FUR FABRIC COATS LAVISHLY FUR TRIMMED PRICED $29.50 TO $67.50

The materials themselves are exceedingly attractive—rich in finish and design—warm and wintery looking. Featured in several new coat fashions. Carefully chosen because each is unusually smart, featuring significant features of the new mode—and because each and every coat is a good investment.

Shown in Black, Brown and Grey, the three foremost colors for Fall and Winter.

Obtainable in Women's and Misses' sizes.

THE WRONG SIDE OUT IS THE RIGHT SIDE OUT IN AUTUMN DRESSES

Crepe Satin frocks take smartness into themselves by using the reverse side of the fabric as trimming. This is achieved through much intricacy of detail. Drapes, tucks, pleats and color combinations are other important features.

Complete assortments of these newer Autumn Gowns are in. We invite your inspection. Priced from $17.50 up.

RE-STOCK YOUR LINEN CUPBOARD AT CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES, LIMITED

The pride of fine linens—Is there a woman who ever has enough of them? What treasures they really are—the very hallmark of taste and refinement. Every woman can have her full share of these treasures, because exquisite linens can be purchased at this store at prices surprisingly low, when beauty and quality are considered.

We have just unpacked an enormous big shipment from the old country—linens that were purchased in tremendous quantities. Note these little values :

ALL LINEN LUNCHEON SETS AT 95c., $1.55 $1.95 PER SET

Beautiful qualities that come bordered in delightful blue, gold, rose and mauve tones.
36 inch cloths with 4 naps, to match, at 95c. and $1.55 sett.
45 inch cloths, with 6 naps, to match, at $1.95 set.

54 INCH LINEN CLOTHS WITH MATCHING NAPS $2.23 AND $2.75 SET

These sets favor one-half dozen naps and each comes daintily bordered to match the cloth. Borders in tones of rose and gold. Ideal weights for everyday use.

54 INCH OYSTER WHITE ALL LINEN SETS AT $4.49 PER SET

The cloth and naps in this range are hemstitched and of exceptionally heavy weight linen. Borders are tones of gold or blue.

One half dozen naps and one cloth constitutes complete set.

SIX LINEN DAMASK SERVIETTES FOR $1.25

These Serviettes measure 13 inches square, have hemstitched borders, excellent quality. Boxed in half dozens at $1.25 per box.

HEMSTITCHED LINEN SERVIETTES 22½c. EA.

These are extraordinary value that should appeal to managers of hotels and restaurants. Oyster White, 22½c. each ; plain white, 25c. each.

TEA CLOTHS IN OYSTER WHITE LINEN, PRICED EXCEPTIONALLY LOW, QUALITY CONSIDERED

36 inch sizes at $1.25 each ; 45 inch size at $1.95 each ; 54 inch sizes at $2.35 each.

BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS, SUPERB QUALITIES AND RARE VALUES IN TABLE DAMASKS BY THE YARD

A USUAL $3.00 VALUE IN BLEACHED LINEN DAMASK FOR $1.95 YARD

This cloth measures seventy inches wide, is fully bleached and all pure linen. Featured in popular and fashionable designs in Rose, Lily-of-the Valley, Fleur-de-lis, Shamrock Chrysanthemum

EQUALLY AS IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING ARE THESE

66 inch damasks, floral designs, at $1.00 and $1.25 yd.
66 inch unbleached all linen damask, with gold and blue borders, priced at 95c. yard.
64 inch unbleached all linen damask, good serviceable weight, at 75c. yard.

MERCHANDISE WORTHY OF SPECIAL MENTION FROM THE MAIN FLOOR DEPARTMENTS

THE NEW WOOLLEN DRESS FABRICS REVEAL A TENDENCY FOR SOFT TEXTURES

Chief among the newest weaves we cite the following for smart Autumn Wearables, "Wool Crepella" "Wool Albatross" Wool Faille." Obtainable in authentic Autumn shades known as Peche, Athenia, Blue Aster, Mayfair Tan, Normandie Green, Coral, Beige, Navy, Wine and Black.

Priced $1.50 and $2.75 per yard. Featured in both 38 and 54 inch widths.

AT $2.75 PER YD., A NEW STRIPE IN 54 INCH OTTOMAN FAILLE

Smart indeed and most approved by Fashion is this clever new weave that has been christened "Ottoman Faille." No wardrobe can be considered complete without boasting of a dress or two. The weave is exceptionally fine and comes in plain ground with hair line stripe. Colors are Black and White, Navy and White, Holland Blue and White, Mayfair Tan and White, and the new shade "Woodland Brown."

CHILDREN'S SILK AND WOOL STOCKINGS

Prices Range from 59 to 75c. pair, According to size.

These are one and one ribbed art silk and wool stockings, with plain knit feet. Colors of Muffin and French Nude. Sizes 6 to 10.

Silk and wool in small checked patterns, plain knit feet, with shaped leg. Colors in Fawn and White, Muffin and White. Sizes 6 to 10.

Biltmore
For Men
THE MASTER HAT OF CANADA
TWO QUALITIES—$3.95 AND $5.00

Canadian Department Stores Limited

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. F. Jas. Roblin is in Montreal for a few days.

Miss Margaret Daly is in Toronto for a few weeks.

Mr. O. N. Rockwell has returned home, after spending the summer in Eastern Ontario.

Mr. Chas. Williams and little daughter, Rochester, N.Y., have been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Morton and daughter, Lorna, spent the week-end with Sheriff and Mrs. Vanderwoort, John street.

Mrs. G. F. Ruttan spent last week in Toronto with her sister, Mrs. Meyers.

Mr. Fenwick Connolly and Mrs. Dr. Oldham, Yarker, left on Tuesday to spend ten days in New York.

Mrs. C. A. Anderson spent a few days last week in Toronto, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith.

Miss Brewer, Toronto, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. H. H. Gault, Hay Bay, for a few days before leaving for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seymour and family spent a couple of days in Toronto, attending the wedding of their niece, Miss Martha Lear.

Mr. Frank Oliver, Vancouver, B.C., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Oiver.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo McCabe, Oshawa, are guests of Mrs. Leonard McCabe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Meggs and Mrs. C. A. Cornell and Miss Grace Younge, Windsor, spent the week-end with Mrs. Meggs' parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Ryan.

Mrs. Henry Ross, Belleville, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Benjamin.

Mr. H. Meng has returned to his home in Napanee, from Beaver Lake, where he spent the summer at King Fisher Inn. The Veracity Club and the Board of Directors please take notice.

Mr. and Mrs. George Guess, Oakville, spent the week-end in Napanee.

Mrs. M. Mills, Alfred St., Kingston, has returned home, after visiting her sister, Mrs. A. S. Hughson, "The Hill," Napanee.

Mrs. Ben Denison, Selby, Mrs. N. B. Miller, Mrs. Wellington Loyst, Mrs. O. N. Rockwell and Miss Eva Herrington left by special train on Monday to attend the Jubilee W.C.T.U. Provincial Convention at Ottawa.

Mrs. John Wilbur Jenkins and Baby Betty, who have been spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. F. E. VanLuven, and Miss Helen VanLuven, have returned to their home in New York City. Mr. Jenkins, who has been her for a short visit returned also to New York.

Mrs. F. W. Barrett, Mr. Will Barrett, Miss Myrtle Dixon and Miss Nellie Morgan motored to Toronto on Wednesday last to attend the wedding of Mr. Gordon Craig and Miss Lear, of Birchcliff Heights, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. L. Haycock, of Adolphustown, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Vosper, Kingston, on Monday. Mr. Haycock is 77 and Mrs. Haycock 78. Mrs. Haycock is a daughter of the late George Grange, of Napanee, and was the first white child born in the district. Mr. Haycock was born in Ernestown.

MARRIAGES

Laidley—Brown—At Nelson, B. C., on Tuesday, Sept. 27th, 1927, Miss Edna Laidley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald R. Laidley, of Belleville, to Mr. Wilfred Miller Brown, of Trail, B.C.

DEATHS

Martin—At Camden, on Wednesday, Sept .28th, 1927, Sarah Martin, relict of the late Harvey Martin, in her 78th year.

Neilson—At Toronto, on Friday, Sept. 30th, 1927, John Neilson, formerly of Napanee.

Pledger—At Adolphustown, on Saturday, Oct. 1st, 1927, Amelia Pledger, aged 53 years.

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

The Adolphustown Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. George Laverne on Wednesday, Oct. 14th, at 1.3 0p.m. Miss Hawley, of Napanee, will be present to give demonstration in Kraft work. Everyone welcome.

"Let's Go," the grand musical revue to be given by local talent in the near future is entirely different from any home talent production ever given here. It is an original arrangement by Desire L. Bourque, who is personally directing it.

The regular monthly meeting of the Maple Leaf Women's Institute will be held on Thursday, Oct. 13th, a 2 p.m., at the home of Mesdames James and Sperry Fraser. Paper on "Storing of Winter Vegetables," by Mrs. Wesley Cummings and Current Events by Mrs. Bert Fretts. Roll Call, "Hallowe'en Suggestions." Everyone welcome.

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VIOLIN

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Class open Sept. 19th for Fall term.

Napanee Women's Institute.

The regular meeting of the above society will be held in the usual place on Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 2.30 p.m. The feature of the afternoon will be an address by Miss Lauder, V.O.N. Roll Call—Don'ts and Do's for the house.

FOR SALE.

House, 2 acres, good well, electric lights, cistern, furnace, also Russell Knight Car and electric stove. Apply to MRS. CAPT. WARD, on premises, South Napanee. 45-ap

Cups Donated.

Silver cups donated by the T. Eaton Co., Limited, to pupils winning the highest number of points at School Fairs in Lennox and Addington, were won by the following :

Amherst Island—Rhoda Marshall.

North Fredericksburgh—Mabel Vankoughnet.

South Fredericksburgh—Edna Cranston.

Denbigh—Isabel Presley.

Kaladar—Ora York.

Camden East—Ewdin Galbraith

Centreville—Mary Crawford.

Ernestown—Elsie Boston.

Sheffield—Benedict Donohue.

Richmond—Marion Winter.

Inter-Church Softball.

Has Napanee fully awakened from its baseball sleep, or has it merely been aroused, turned half and is drowsing again ? At all events the executive has decided that another attempt will be made to organize and get a fresh start this fall. Mr. H. Babcock intimated that the League could procure regular nights in the Armouries. This, coupled with the fact that the church representatives say that there is a host of girls capable of playing good ball, indicate a revival of the spirit of the League's inauguration. Consequently a meeting will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at 7 p.m. in the Council Chamber to elect a new executive. If you, the town fans, really want this League, please attend this meeting and put in willing and capable officers and representatives.

Change in Hunting Season—Deer and Moose.

The Ontario Government have announced a change in the open season for deer and moose this year, in that, either animal may be taken in the district south of the French and Mattawa Rivers from November 1st to November 30th, and in the district north of French and Mattawa from October 10th to November 30th. These periods are very much in favor of the hunter, especially if the weather may turn cold, and it is trusted the action of the government will result in a marked increase in the number of those taking to the woods. For their transportation, Canadian National Railways have provided with their usual care and forethought and printed copies of the Hunters' Train Service leaflet may be obtained shortly on application to Canadian National Ticket Agent. 45-a

The Late Frank S. Wilson.

Mr. Frank S. Wilson, a former well-known resident of Napanee, died in Belleville General Hospital on Thursday of last week. The late Mr. Wilson spent his early years on a farm in North Fredericksburgh, later retiring to reside in Napanee, where he remained until a few years ago, when he removed to Belleville. One daughter, who lives in Westdale, Hamada remains, also two brothers, Rev. J. P. Wilson, D.D., and Rev. W. D. Wilson, live in Belleville. A wide circle of friends in the town and throughout the district will regret to learn of his death. The remains were brought to Napanee for interment on Saturday.

AWARD TENDERS HAINES' STORES.

On Saturday, Sept. 24th, tenders were opened in Toronto at the offices of the Toronto General Trusts Company for the purchase of the boot and shoe stores known as the J. Haines Shoe House in Belleville and Napanee. The Belleville store, stock, good will, etc., was awarded to Mr. E. R. McBride, who has been manager of the store for many years ; and of the Napanee business was secured by Mr. F. J. Roblin, manager, who has been identified with the Napanee Haines store for thirty-four years, having entered the business when a boy, and remained there ever since.

Mr. E. R .McBride has been a member of the Haines organization for many years, having entered the employ of the firm in Kingston over forty years ago, gradually working up until appointed manager of the Belleville store, which was headquarters for the J. J. Haines chain of stores in Trenton, Napanee, Kingston, Smith's Falls and Belleville.

The Napanee business will be conducted in the future as in the past, under the name of The J. J. Haines Shoe House, with Mr. F. J. Roblin as proprietor, and his many years dealing with the public, his genial personality and his policy of giving the best of value on every transaction is a guarantee that the future of The J. J. Haines Shoe House will be as prosperous as its past.

A representative of the Daily Ontario had an opportunity today of glancing over the first cash book kept by the House of Haines. On the fly leaf is the inscription :

"Belleville, June 30, 1864

John J. Haines, Jr., commenced business on my own account this day in Belleville."

The first bank deposit was $175 and the next $200, so it would appear that business was good from the beginning. Some odd items are noticed in the splendidly kept book, written in a Spencerian hand, which is as legible as print. Every day one item appears concerning bank discount on silver, indicating that the silver currency at that time was not worth one hundred cents on the dollar.

The death of Mr. J. J. Haines last December made necessary the sale of the stores in settling up the estate.—The Daily Ontario Belleville, Monday, Sept. 26th, 1927.

AMHERST ISLAND SCHOOL FAIR

SEPTEMBER 13th, 1927.

One quart Marquis Wheat—Harvey Guss.

Sheaf of Marquis Wheat—Leslie Wemp.

Corn, Golden Bantam—Aletha Begg, Hugh McCormick, Nanette Strain.

Irish Cobbler Potatoes—John Barney, Bert Glenn, Billie Glenn, Rhoda Marshall, Helen McMaster, Reta Begg.

Dooley Potatoes—Aletha Begg, Wallace Kearney, Donald Miller, Leonard McCormick, Isabel Hogeboom, Charlie Howard.

Mangels—Fred McCormick.

Turnips—Ruth Glenn.

Beets—Rhoda Marshall, Aletha Begg, Hugh McCormick, Gladys Corke, Nanette Strain, Edwin Hogeboom.

Carrots—Earl Tugwell, Gordon Glenn, Leonard McCormick, T. Glenn, Leslie Glenn, Janet Filson.

Parsnips—Bernard Green.

Onions—Reta Begg, Donald Miller.

Asters—Rhoda Marshall, Leslie Glenn, Reta Begg, Ida Brown, Bert Glenn.

Sweet Peas—Aetha Begg.

Zinnia—Rhoda Marshall Gladys Corke, Eva McCaugherty.

African Marigold—Irene Wellbanks, Rhoda Marshall, Leslie Glenn, Barnard Green.

Calendula—Gladys Corke, R. Marshall, Janet Filson, Earl Tugwell.

Salpiglossis—Ruth Glenn, Dorothy Munro.

French Marigold—Hilda McCaugherty, Rhoda Marshall.

Coreopsis—Harold Morrow.

Pinks—Fern Munro, Douglas Glenn.

Snow Apples—Bert Glenn, G. Corke, Leonard McCormick, Billy Peterson, Irene Wellbanks, Harold Morrow.

Wealthy Apples—Joan Gibson, Ruth Genn, Gladys Corke, Leslie Glenn, Douglas Glenn.

Collection of Apples four varieties—Garnet McDonald, Isabel Hogeboom, Gladys Corke, Donald Miller.

Spring Lamb—Edwin Hogeboom, Harold Morrow.

Barred Rock Cockerel—Henry Hitchens, Garnet McDonald.

Barred Rock Pullet—Garnet McDonald.

Pen of Barred Rocks—Charlie Howard, Garnet McDonald.

Bird House—Donald iMller, Bernard Green, Chester Tugwell.

Hammer Handle — G. Glenn Marshall Glenn, Leslie Wemp, Hugh McCrmick, Earl Tugwell, Fred Wemp.

Milk Stool—Chester Tugwell, Bernard Green, J. Kearney, Leslie Wemp, Fred Wemp, Donald Miller.

Rope Halter (adjustable)—Chester Tugwell, Donald iMller, Leslie Glenn, Gordon Glenn, Marshall Glenn.

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Rhoda Marshall, Bernard Green.

Colection of cutivated grasses —Gladys Corke, Rhoda Marshall, Chester Tugwell.

Cute Live Stock—Harold Morrow, Rhoda Marshall, Isabel Hogeboom, Earl Tugwell, Bernard Green, Dorothy Munro.

Six Snapshots, mounted—R. Marshall, Charlie Howard, Henry Hitchens, Hilda McCaugherty, Irene Wellbanks, Fred McCormick.

Oatmeal Cookies—Emily Corke.

Layer Cake, light—Rhoda Marshall. Gladys Corke, Mildred Wemp, Isabel Hogeboom, Alice Kearney.

Apple Pie—Hilda McGinn, Alice Kearney, Gladys Corke, Mildred Wemp, Rhoda Marshall, Ruth Glenn.

Candy, maple cream—Rhoda Marshall, Isabel Hogeboom, G. Corke, Hilda McGinn, Helen Wemp, Ida Brown.

Dish Towel, hand hemmed—Emily Corke, Edna Corke, Eva McCaugherty.

Guest Towel—Gladys Corke.

Kitchen Apron—Rhoda Marshall, Gladys Corke, Ida Brown.

Darning on Stocking—Gladys Corke, Fern Munro, Edna Corke, Helen Wemp, Rhoda Marshall, Lois Hounslow.

Writing "The Dandelion"—Billie Peterson, Eddie Durham, Harvey Eves, Irene Wellbanks.

Writing, "Bob White"—Isabel Hogeboom, Reta Begg, Harold Morrow.

Writing "My Native Land"—Gladys Corke, Edna Corke.

Crepe Drawings of Flower—Irene Wellbanks, Billie Peterson, Harvey Eves, Eddie Durham.

Poster advertising School Fair —Gladys Corke, Harold Morrow.

Collection of three art specimens—Rhda Marshall.

Public Speaking Contest—Earl Tugwell.

Solo (Girls)—Edna Corke, Rhoda Marshall. Boys—Harold Morrow.

Boys' Riding—Bernard Green. School Parade—1, S. S. No. 5 ; 2, S. S. No. 3 ; 3, S. S. No. 4 ; 4, S. S. No. 2.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOR.

S. S. No. 1—Leslie Glenn.
S. S. No. 2—Rhoda Marshall.
S. S. No. 3—Gladys Corke.
S. S. No. 4—Harold Morrow.
S. S. No. 5—Bernard Green.

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